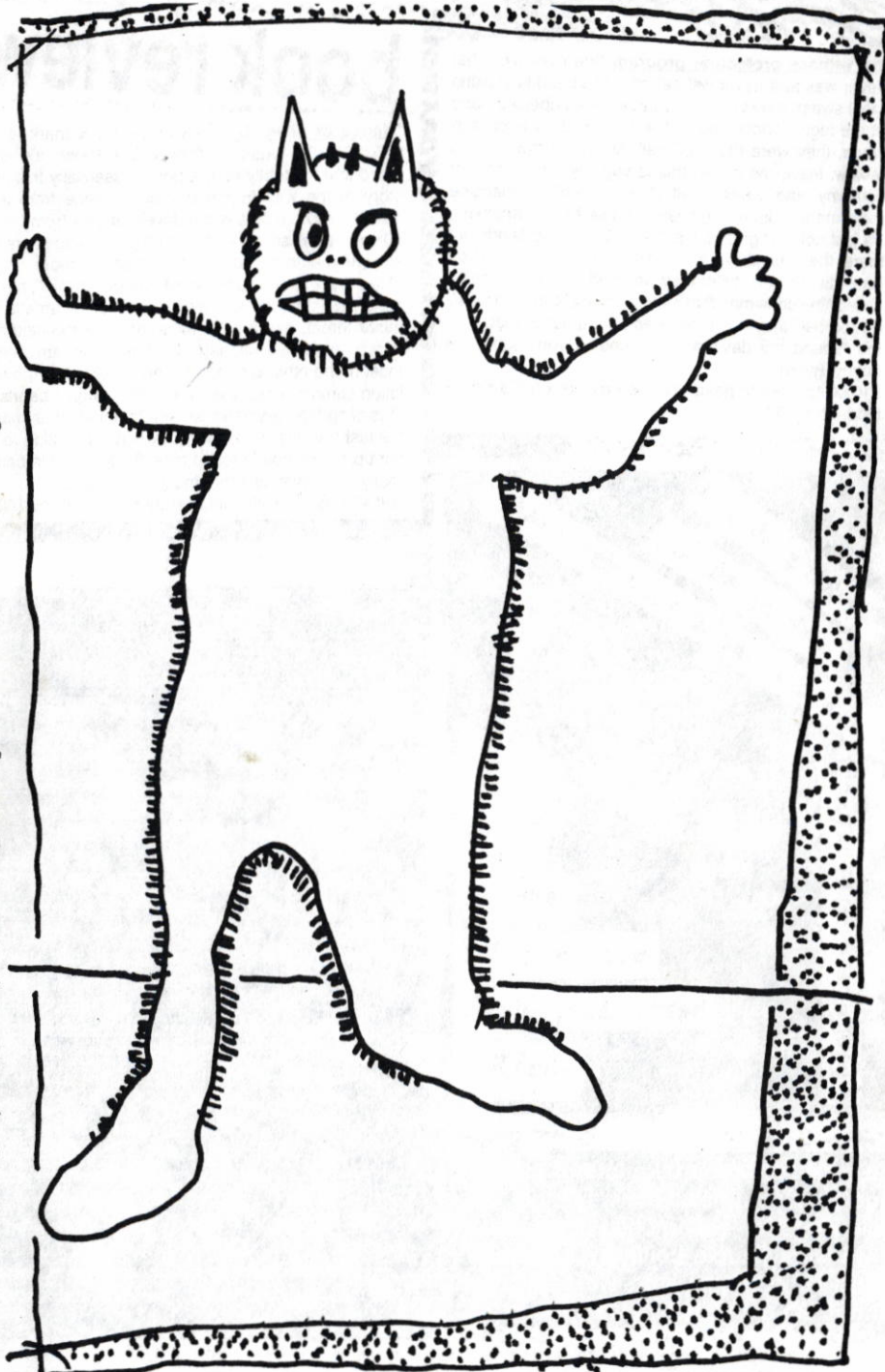


the zine i can't stop.

YET ANOTHER ISSUE...



SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.



ISSUE 53. FREE.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

issue 53 • november 2001

it seems like i've been saying that this issue is "almost done" for about a month and a half. well, here it finally is. usually i try to get four issues out a year, but it looks like it's going to be three this year. i don't know why, but i've been procrastinating even more than usual as far as getting this thing together. also, once again i have a big backlog of zines to read. i have been spending more time at my job, which is not good, but supposedly things should be back to usual soon, so maybe i can get around to more things i want to do now. at least this issue ended up a fairly decent size. unfortunately copy prices have gone up, too, but it's not like i have anything better to spend money on. i think some of the reason this issue took extra long was that i was trying to get my thoughts together regarding this whole war business. i guess i could have just summed it up by saying "it sucks", but i did actually give a little more than that. there's a piece i wrote about it in here someplace. one thing i failed to mention in it is that you should try to keep away from the mainstream media, or at least not put much stock in it. it's obvious they're in cahoots with the u.s. government, so you probably won't get a whole lot of real information from them. i recommend trying www.indymedia.org, or better yet, www.theonion.com. who'd have ever thought the day would come that i'd be recommending websites? anyway, most of all please consult god. he's who all these foolish americans are asking to bless them, and who they're most ignoring. aside from that piece, i actually wrote a decent amount of stuff for this issue, though the biggest piece probably isn't that interesting-to most people at least-the cornerstone story.

i got a new toy recently--a cd-r deck for my stereo, so you can expect some reissues of my past musical adventures, and maybe some new projects. first up is the long awaited grease pot anthology cd. it should be out by the end of the year, and will include the entire "the beach" cassette, the two songs that were on the sfn compilation cassette, as well as six unreleased tracks. it'll probably be about \$3/\$4 ppd, if anyone is interested. i'm also planning a collection of the best tracks from my solo projects (which were released by the furnace room and corpgil back in the late 80s/early 90s). there's also a possibility of a cd of the fight the worm cassette--maybe even with some extra lo-fi live and/or practice tracks. aside from that there's not a lot going on around here. just the usual sitting around and stuff. enjoy the new issue, and write to me!
--idy

general information...

something for nothing is always free. however, if you'd like to send some stamps or something that would be nice. if you want to be on the mailing list just let me know (though if you don't write me every now and then i'll eventually take you off the list. for example, if it says "(last)" after your name on the mailing label this is the last issue you'll receive unless you write and demand otherwise.

where to write:

something for nothing
516 third street ne
massillon oh 44646

where to e-mail:

idy@sssnet.com

credit where credit is due:

writin' stuff: sydnie barnette, jason underground, milhouse, heather s, scott myers, tangela barnette, tyler pistol, olivia arrow, tony hendry, and idy.

drawin' stuff: john r williamson, frank gonzales, and stuff from a clip art book.

front and back covers and all layout by idy.

layout music:

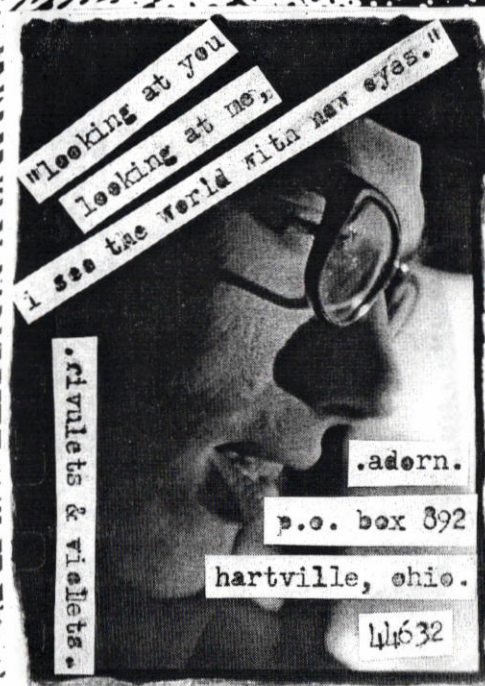
m.d.c. "smoke signals" • circle jerks "vi" • one blood "building a world of prosperity with the efficiency of the free enterprise system" • subhumans "ep-lp" • 7 seconds "the crew" • dead milkmen "big lizard in my backyard" • d.r.i. "dealing with it" • crass "stations of the cross" • group of individuals "peace off" • malignant youth "vinyl cd"

thanks be to:

god; everyone who helped with this issue; tyler; kris and tangela; lynn; jeff; milhouse; chad; tim and all those other little kids; dustin; friday mike; shnookie wokums; and whoever else i know and like.

the witness protection program "the revolution that never was and never will be" cd... this band is stalking me, i swear. they were the unannounced opening band at the fugazi show. then, when i showed up at cornerstone, they were there as well. now i get their c.d. to review. leave me alone! this is vaguely reminiscent of screamy emo, which i call scr-emo, such as roadside monument. i dunno. this isn't terrible bad or anything, it's just not that great either, like 95 % of the bands out there. the funny thing about this is that the title of the cd reminds me of that film they watched on the simpsons called "the christmas that almost wasn't, and then was". it's too bad they don't make an album out of that, with the "spend my days pitching woo to you" song. i'm happy. (tyler)

\$10.00 to: boot to head records • p.o. box 9005 • portland, or 97207



so make sure you take lots of pictures • and slant your news our way • just like in wild kingdom--we first tied down the prey • we want people boiling for revenge in their living rooms • so we can go play shoot 'em up anywhere we choose.

may i once again urge you to write to me? it seems like i don't get a lot of mail these days. though some of that is my fault as i've gotten worse at replying to it. still, i think it only fair that if i send you a zine you could send me a letter, or an e-mail at least. let me know what you think of the zine, or what's going on in your life. being friends is fun!

standard mail: idy • 516 third st ne • massillon oh 44646 // e-mail: idy@sssnet.com

book review.

"dance of days" by mark anderson & mark jenkins [8.5x10"--409+pages--softcover]... i know, it's damn weird that i actually read a book. essentially this is the story of the washington d.c. punk scene from about 1976 to 1995. it details the developments from the late 70s arty-punk scene to the youth punk bands to revolution summer to the late 80s to riot girl and more. it's kind of like the written equivalent of "banned in d.c.", but carrying on into the 90s. there's lots of information on minor threat, bad brains (much of it not too flattering), fugazi, and bikini kill, as well as as lesser amounts on most of the other d.c. bands. the coverage of the revolution summer era makes me willing to give bands like rites of spring, beefeater, and embrace another chance. the last few chapters weren't terribly interesting to me, but up to that point i found myself interested in bands i really don't even like that much. very good.
soft skull press • 98 suffolk st 3a • new york ny 10002

well, i still have this little space left to fill before i can get the zine copied, so i guess i have to fill it somehow. let me recommend a couple things...

though i've only read a little bit of it so far, the new maximumrocknroll (#222, november 2001) looks really good. there's a lot of talk about terrorism and war, and it seems fairly level headed. the cover features a war-oriented graphic and says, "still apolitical?". i would respond, "even more so", in that i think politics solves nothing. political solutions are no solutions at all. maybe that's "unpolitical" rather than "apolitical", though. i may just be arguing semantics. anyway, you can get it for \$3.00 from: maximumrocknroll • po box 460760 • san francisco ca 94146-0760

another nice thing i just got and haven't read much of is the absolutely zippo anthology. zippo was one of the first zines i ever read, and to this day remains one of my all time favorites. the anthology is a soft cover book, about an inch thick, and i believe it covers every issue, though i think bits are missing of some of them. you can get your very own copy by sending some bucks (the ad i saw said 25¢ plus \$1.75 for postage, but i'd say be nice and send \$5 or so) to: robert eggplant • po box 4985 • berkeley ca 94704



plastic beef "high in the valley" cd... i'm glad brian sent me this, as i never did get around to listening to the tape version he sent me. sorry, brian. anyway, this is a pretty diverse collection of songs, most of which i think are really good. a couple, though, are... not so good. lyrically it's not really my thing, as i prefer kind of obvious socio-political lyrics, but the lyrics at least aren't stupid pop music tripe. musically it varies from kind of lame classic rock type stuff to cool, slower, slightly psychedelic stuff to r.e.m.-ish jangly stuff to some sort of violent femmes-ish stuff, and a couple songs even have some older motown influence. i don't really know what the proper genre descriptions are for most of this stuff, but i'd guess that most punk fans wouldn't like it. i, however, am musically well rounded, so i enjoy it. i don't know the price, but i'd imagine \$3 or \$4 should cover it... (idy)
owl productions • box 220 • 7304 5th ave • brooklyn ny 11209

the plus ones/the travoltas "going dutch" cd ep... here's a short split cd with two pretty average but not awful pop-ish punk-ish bands. the plus ones feature former mr. t experience bass and singing person joel reader as well as former screeching weasel drumming person danny panic. their two original songs sound an "awful" lot like mtx circa the "revenge is sweet" album. the other song is a cover of "no matter what" by badfinger (you know, that song that goes "no matter what we do/the songs all sound like abbey road..." okay, perhaps it doesn't really say that, but it certainly should!)... the travoltas (groan...) are a little pop-punk outfit from holland or somewhere and they have really weird accents. their music is kind of ramones-ish with beach boys-ish songwriting. i mean, the melodies and vocal harmonies are extremely beach boys-ish. they do two originals and a song called "endless summer" which i believe is a cover of the standells song by the same name (if i'm wrong, don't correct me. i really don't care). i guess i like the cd alright, but i'm in no rush to hear more by the bands. whether or not you'll like it or buy it is entirely up to you, of course. (milhouse)
\$5.00 to: asian man records • po box 35585 • monte sereno, ca 95030

sidewalk slam "two steps forward, five steps back" cd... no, no, no. no more mediocre pop punk, please. this band has a song called "i'm not getting off", and i dare not even dream what they refer to. the cover of this reminds me of that awful paula Abdul video where she dances with the cat. (tyler)
\$10.00 to: boot to head records • p.o. box 9005 • portland, or 97207

sin in space "asteroid band" cd... pretty dull mid-tempo jangly/distorted indie rock. sort of wanna-be-weezer-ish, and a bit sloppy. there's just really nothing distinctive or special about this band. the singer is kind of crummy. he's sort of off-key a lot and he seems to write and sing much of the lyrics in a somewhat hip-hop-ish cadence, so he sounds a bit goofy and awkward. i really can't say anything good about this. well, other than it made it easier for me to fall asleep last night. and that's not a cheap crack. it literally bored me enough as to help further my tiredness and lull me to sleep. (milhouse)

? to: sin in space • 214 plymouth st • santa cruz, ca 95060 (like it matters)

the smiley kids "skate and smile collection" cd... 20 tracks of pretty decent melodic punk rock. i like this, but i'm not amazed by it. i like that it's melodic but not overly poppy. they really remind me of someone, but i can't quite think of who it is. maybe krupted peasant farmerz. the vocals are rough, but still in key. they range from mid-tempo to fairly fast, and musically they're pretty competent. i might be able to get into it more if the lyrics were printed--what i've made out is pretty much stuff about being nice to people, skateboarding, and stuff about god--but alas, they are not. (idy)
\$12.00 (which is way too much for a cd, especially one with only one panel on the insert) to: george hosni/smiley kids • 3102 w 105th ct • westminster co 80031

"tooth and nail records/bec recordings/solid state records/uprokrecords 2001 festival sampler" cd... oh joy of joys, another compilation. roy gave me this at cornerstone, despite my protests that i likely wouldn't like any of it. turns out i was right. well, the lost dogs are alright. everything else on here is pretty mediocre. it varies from the annoying pop rock of element 101 to the creed/radio-rock stylings of embodiment to several lame melodic punk bands to screamy/singy metal (ala linkin park) from soul embraced to a few rap tracks (which were actually not nearly as bad as the rest of this disc). how something can say "only \$5" on one side and "for promotional use only. not for resale" on the other is beyond me. oh, and those band comparisons weren't meant to be flattering... (idy)
tooth and nail (etc) • po box 12698 • seattle wa 98111



bunny sticker



me sticker

back issues, stickers, buttons, and t-shirts.

issue 52: the sleep issue. stuff about sleep, as well as the usual reviews and stuff.

issue 51: the food issue. stuff about food, as well as the usual reviews and stuff.

issue 50: kinda big issue. old fashioned format--full size with a staple in the corner. long article on heather almost joining a cult, rudolph giuliani's prostate. jury duty, massillon, jeremiah's sad miscarriage column, tyler's pro-tv column, and more.

bunny sticker: 2.75 x 2.75", with the cover bunny over a weird background. 5/\$1.00

me sticker: 2.75 x 2.75". same as the back cover of issue 52. not to be confused with keith green. 5/\$1.00

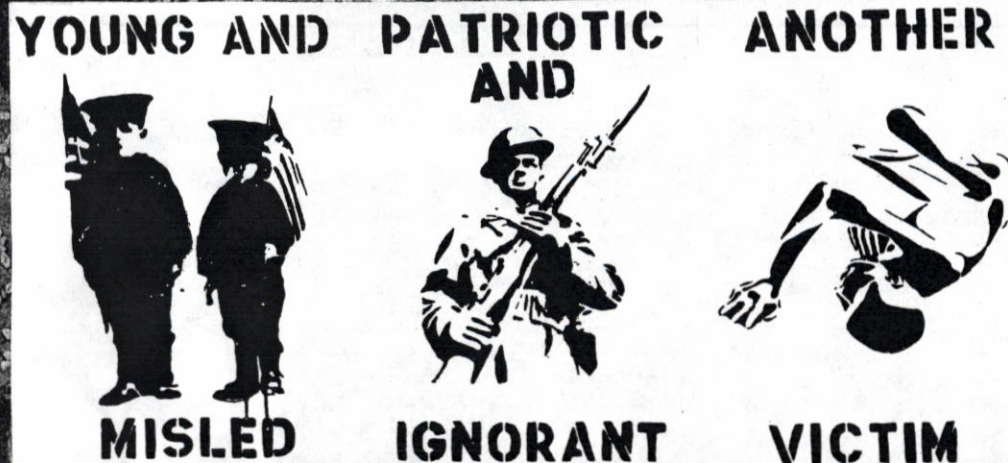
sfn sticker: 8.5 x 1.5", with "something for nothing" and a couple little bunnies. 5/\$1.00

bunny button: the little bunny on the cover. black on yellow, gold, blue, light blue, light green, bright green, or red. 1/2 stamps or 2/\$1.00

me button: same as the back cover of issue 52. black on white. not to be confused with charles manson. 2/\$1.00

me t-shirt: same as the back of issue 52. not to be confused with osama yoma-ma. i have a few sizes/colors. tell me what you want and i'll do my best. \$5.00

apocalypse tour t-shirts: i still have two of these. big bunny with "something for nothing/apocalypse tour 1999" in green on off white. xl only. \$5.00



wonderful graphic ganked from econochrist.

temporary favorites

milhouse

articles of faith "give thanks"
crimpshrine (you know, their two records)
dead kennedys (everything)
grateful dead "so many roads" (disc 3)
crass "stations of the crass"
rose melberg "portola"
the mob "let the tribe increase"

idy

randy "the human atom bombs"
the honor system "100% synthetic"
the dickies "all this and puppet stew"
big youth "natty universal dread"
american steel "jagged thoughts"
linton kwesi johnson "independant intavenshan"
nofx "surfer"

tyler

dead kennedys "mutiny on the bay"
max romeo and the upsetters "war in a babylon"
toots and the maytals "time tough"
unwed sailor "the faithful anchor"
"nuggets 2"

tony

"cancer stage of capitalism" john mcmurtry
"ecology of the automobile" peter freund and george martin
"ecology and liberation" leonardo boff
"ancient records and the structure of genesis" p.j. wiseman

sell me your goofy christian records.

i managed to get several of the records listed in the last issue (largely thanks to erin bacon. thanks!), but there are still quite a few i'm looking for. again, i'm not sure which are on cd and which are on vinyl (some are on both, i'm sure), but if you have these records on either of those formats and want to get rid of them please contact me. they're not worth too terribly much to me, but i'll pay \$4 or \$5 for vinyl and \$7 or \$8 for cd.

adam again "in a new world of time"
adam again "ten songs by adam again"
breakfast with amy "love gift"
common bond "heaven is calling"
common bond "anger into passion"
the crucified "the pillars of humanity"
ideola "tribal opera"
the lead "the past behind" (rex version)
l.s.u. "shaded pain"
mad at the world s/t first album (only if it's on cd)
mad at the world "flowers in the rain" (only if it's on cd)
ojo "relative"
scaterd few "out of the attic"
77's "ping pong over the abyss"
swirling eddies "let's spin"
steve taylor "i predict 1990"
terry scott taylor "knowledge and innocence" (vinyl only)
terry scott taylor "a briefing for the ascent" (vinyl only)
youth choir "shades of grey" (or the cd with it and "chase the kangaroo")

these are the good records i'm looking for.

crass "who dunnit?" 7" • crass "acts of love" lp
circle one "patterns of force" lp



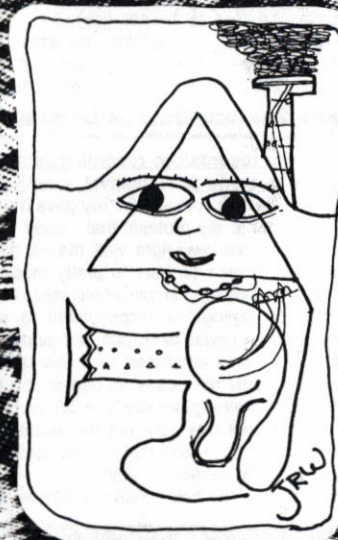
quotes
you don't
hear
every
day...

"i should hang out with
more fetuses"--idy
"you said he'd be mas-
turbating!"--idy



"living tomorrow today" compilation... i'm not a fan of compilations most of the time, and this one seems especially dull to me. it's not that it's really bad, just most of the bands don't appeal to me. it's mainly that modern pop-punk/emo hybrid, and some indie rock. the only songs i really like are the ones from the lawrence arms (which is also on their split with shady view terrace), the honor system (which appears in a different version on their new ep), and the alkaline trio. the singer of amazing transparent man sounds strangely like cinder block of tilt, though it's a guy. it's hard to believe asian man would include a band as dumb as home grown on one of their releases, but it's true. it's sad to see the idea of using people for sex perpetuated in the punk scene, and i just have to wonder how it slipped by a label that usually has nothing to do with that sort of thing. anyway, despite the musical complaints, the proceeds of this compilation go to the cause of helping a family pay medical bills run up by trying to treat a terminal disease that the youngest son has. that seems like a pretty good cause, so be sure to buy this cd if you like bands like saves the day, tuesday, hot water music, and reggie and the full effect. (idy)
\$8.00 to: asian man records • po box 35585 • monte sereno ca 95030\

los nosferatu "the curse of los nosferatu" cassette... this one is barley listenable. pretty much all you can hear is the drums on most of it, with some guitar, bass and vocal in the background. much of it is recorded live, which accounts for the poor quality. musically i guess they're going for a "horror rock" sound or something. they seem pretty inspired by surf rock and the misfits. the lyrics aren't included, but it's probably better that way, as judging by titles like "love at first bite", "hot rod hearse", and "i was a teenage zombie" they're probably along the same lines lyrically as the misfits (i.e., dumb). not very good. (idy)
\$3.00 to: burning world records • 2617 b n pierce st • milwaukee wi 53212



fight war • not wars.

mutant john "headless stoic figure" cd... i was expecting this to be lame, but it's actually pretty impressive. it's pretty mid-tempo emo/indie rock-ish, but also pretty creative. there are some odd instruments (for this sort of music, anyway), like a banjo, irish whistle, and cello, and the actual song structures are pretty creative. they do a lot of dual vocals, which is a nice touch. the soundbites are kind of excessive, and parts of one song sound like all those bands that sound like pearl jam, but other than that it's pretty good. there's also a guitar part that reminds me of the beginning of "piano lessons" by the poison girls (but that's where the similarities end). i certainly wouldn't expect this sort of sound from a band in israel. (idy)
\$10 to: mutant john • po box 821 • tiberias 14100 • israel

"new disorder soda" compilation cd... i'm not really a fan of compilations, and this isn't going to win me over. however, there are some good bands on here, and a pretty wide range of sounds, all vaguely encompassed by the term "punk". of course i like what happens next?, but i already had the song on here. harbinger is pretty good (it's weird how distinct aaron's drumming is, since he doesn't really do anything all that complicated), and this band called green light go is pretty decent (even though their vocals are kind of morrisey-esque), but nothing else really stands out for me. the songs are all pretty decent, just mostly not stuff i'm interested in. it ranges from screaming hardcore to peppy, melodic happy-punk, and at times branches off into emo and even acoustic guitar and vocal stuff. other bands featured include songs for emma, the bananas, j church, the huxtables, and a bunch more. (idy)
\$8.00 to: new disorder records • 115 bartlett st • san francisco ca 94110

prix the pilot cd... for some reason, i always think the name of this band is prix the poet. if you like annoying monotone vocals with a derivative punk sound, then you'll enjoy this band. their music doesn't really do it for me. even the packaging is dull, dull, dull. this whole diy movement has done much to further the careers of mediocre bands such as this. (tyler)
\$5.00 to: new disorder records • 115 bartlett st • san francisco ca 94110

the piston hurricanes "vinnie goes to jail" cassette... it's a shame this is on cassette, as it's really not too bad. i just have such a hard time listening to tapes. regardless, musically this ranges from early d.o.a.-type stuff to ramones-y stuff. they never get all that fast (aside from the last song, which is a cover anyway), which is how i tend to like my punk, but they're still pretty good. lyrically they're kind of socio-personal, or something like that--dealing with the frustration of living in this society, as well as dealing with other people. i'd probably listen to it more if the tape player in the car wasn't broken... (idy)
\$3.00 to: burning world records • 2617 b n pierce st • milwaukee wi 53212

coquettish "total pops madness" cd ep... wicked bad! this japanese band's music is pretty much a collage of hardcore, punk-ska and heavy poppy punk, with shouty, raspy vocals and some tuneful, pretty moments thrown in. and they do all this stuff in every song! heck, if you like good punk rock, you'll probably like this. i mean, unless you're an idiot who won't listen to anything after 1988. 7 songs in about 9 minutes. sweeeet. also, i like the name "coquettish" because it sounds like "cokehead", and that's a damn funny word. i heartily endorse this event or product. (milhouse)
\$4.00 to: asian man • po box 35585 • monte sereno, ca 95030

def poets society s/t cd... i can't say i'm too knowledgeable about, nor do i really even like, rap music after about 1990. so, this is kind of mellow 90's hip-hop (with that sort of dust brothers stoner-friendly production) by a bunch of white guys from canada. i guess a lot of the lyrics are meant to be goofy/funny, but they're pretty much goofy (in that bad way)/retarded. i'm sure they put a lot of thought into the band name as well. ah yes, the song titled "hot water music" had nothing to do with the band of that name, which is kind of a shame, because that would have been about the most interesting thing on the album. and i hate hot water music. oh yeah, there are like 6 guys in the band and only one person writing the lyrics. what the hell is that about? man, this is a pretty long review for something i didn't spend more than 5 minutes listening to. (milhouse)
\$8.00 to: new disorder records • 115 bartlett st • san francisco ca 94110

the discarded "i won't live a lie" cd... i can't decide if this is funny or embarrassing. we have here a "christian punk" band, which is pretty silly to begin with (granted, i have no problem with christians being into punk, it's when they take on a punk identity that it gets goofy). they look like they'd sound like g.b.h. or the exploited. what with the spikes and leather and all that stuff, but musically they have more in common with the sex pistols. the fact that i find that style of punk totally boring isn't helping the case here. lyrically they promote christ (which is good) and berate anarchy (which is kind of iffy), but don't really give any reasoning for any of their stances. it just all seems so silly. and is it just me, or is it a little vain to spend all that time on your hair and clothes, and just appearance in general? (idy)
? to: the legion • 51664 se 5th • scappoose or 97056

"gmbk" #4 compilation cassette... two things i generally don't enjoy too much, cassettes and compilations, come together here to form one thing i don't like very much. a few of the bands here are actually fairly good, like ed temple, yesterday's kids, and especially the electric company (who do a wonderful, weird, art rock track called "scrambled eggs"), but overall—as is the case with compilations in general—the tracks are pretty weak. there are a couple horrible/scary bands, too. that sure doesn't help... (idy)
? to: _____ tapes • 618 n ashland ave • green bay wi 54303

good riddance "symptoms of a leveling spirit" cd... the last couple good riddance albums, while good, have left a bit to be desired. i must admit i was never terribly fond of sean seller's drumming, but now they have a new drummer and seem to be back on track. in fact, this record comes close to the wonders of their first few. they continue to expand their sound (which previously included the melodic hardcore most have come to expect from fat wreck chords as well as a good dose of new york hardcore) to include a fair dose of black flag style weird guitar playing. the combination of styles works pretty well for them. lyrically they seem to be returning more to the socio-political angle of their first album and eps, which is fine by me. as a whole i'd say good riddance has returned to their earlier style, while including additional musical aspects. now if only they'd play around here again... (idy)
\$12.00 to: fat wreck chords • po box 193690 • san francisco ca 94119-3690

the kicker "first word, last place" cd... pretty decent music bordering between pop punk and slowish power pop. some of this reminds me of early man dingo, while other songs are somewhat bracket-ish (well, not nearly that good, of course). the melodies are nice, and the songs are memorable. i kind of don't like the vocals, but they're decent, i suppose. it's mainly slow to mid-tempo, but there are a few faster cuts, which i think are the better ones. lyrically they're kind of vague and personal, which i guess works okay for this type of music. i think i'll actually keep this one. (idy)
salad dressing records • box 311 • pinawa mb • R0E 1L0 canada

the lawrence arms/the chinkees "present day memories" split cd... the lawrence arms keep getting better. this is easily the best thing they've done. they're very melodic, but getting more complicated musically, while still retaining a punk feel. i like the fact that chris sings half of the songs—i think i like his singing better than brendan's. the chinkees songs were actually recorded a while ago, and are just now getting released. these songs tend to lean more toward a punk sound, with only a bit of a ska vibe. still really good, but i like their organ-oriented ska stuff best. (idy)
\$8.00 to: asian man records • po box 35585 • monte sereno ca 95030

the lawrence arms/shady view terrace split cd... when this was originally released on castaway records i tried to order it a couple times from no idea, but they were always out. luckily asian man has re-issued it. i don't like the shady view terrace part of this split at all. they remind me of the boring, pretentious, metal-tinged emo bands my friend joe listened to all the time about 6 or 7 years ago. all of the songs are about losing friends or girls or something. ack. the lawrence arms part, however, is really good. "nebraska" is by far their best song. this is worth getting if only for that song (though the others are good, too). seems like they're leaning a little more than usual toward the emo end of things on this release, too, but it works for them. (idy)
\$8.00 to: asian man records • po box 35585 • monte sereno ca 95030



it's not me, it's you.

i was thinking it's kind of funny that my parents probably thought i'd grow out of the whole looking weird thing... i mean, it's not really like i go out of my way to look weird, but i also don't go out of my way to look normal, so it just kind of turns out this way. basically i just don't put much time into my appearance, so i end up looking kind of goofy. back in school i was a little more concerned with how i looked, and the shaved hair, safety pins, assorted punk accessories, and so on probably just seemed like a "phase" to them. i probably really threw them a couple years ago when i got my hair cut short and kept it that way for about a year. but here i am, 28 years old, and i'm growing out my hair again, and have added this new aspect to my lack-of-maintenance appearance, an untrimmed beard.

a side note on the beard: several people commented on it after seeing the pictures two issues ago. i want to mention that i still hold the same views about facial hair—that it's disgusting and should be avoided. i really have no excuse. i just seem to get lazier with each passing day, and i've never been too good with shaving. at first i shaved every other day, then twice a week, then once a week, until i just gave up. i was always cutting myself anyway. but yeah, i'm being totally hypocritical as far as the beard goes.

back to the original subject, though. i think my dad, at least, accepted a long time ago that this is just how i am. i don't care what other people think of me, and i don't mind standing out—even though it's just because i don't buy into the vanity of society. i'm just being me, and i'm not going to try to be someone else just to make other people happy. they won't be, anyway. if they really wanted to be happy they'd learn to accept people for who they are.

my mom still bugs me about it sometimes, though (and occasionally certain sisters will make little comments). she tells me i have such nice hair and that i shouldn't let it get all knotty and such. i tell her that it's the way god made it, and if she doesn't like it she can take it up with him. my brother-in-law's sister told me recently that no one would let someone that looked like me babysit their kids. i hadn't thought about that, but it's certainly another advantage to my appearance, even though she didn't mean it as a positive thing. i guess it all depends on your outlook.

--idy

[author's note: since i wrote this piece several months ago i've once again cut my hair short. i tend to grow it for a couple years, get sick of it, cut it off, then forget that it was annoying and grow it back. initially i also removed the beard, but ended up cutting my face up when i shaved, so it's back now—though not as large as before.]

cornerstone 2001.

okay, here's the usual painfully long cornerstone story, plus a few days leading up to the festival. for those of you who don't know, cornerstone is this big christian festival held every year in eastern illinois. most of the bands are kind of lame, but a few are quite good, and there are always plenty of nice people there. if you can ignore most of the merchandise sold there it can be a pretty nice time...

friday, june 29: i got up at about 7:00, packed up the car and drove to columbus to pick up chad. he was ready to go, so we went to wild oats to pick up some stuff, then set off for indianapolis. i think we got there at about 1:00 pm, and went to find carl at his job. he was supposed to meet us at india garden but didn't show up, so we went back to see him after we ate. we went to missing link, where i got a couple things (new mrf. 2 copies of the first town managers 7", and the second 77's cd, though i meant to get the first. i'm stupid), then to luna (where i got nothing, as usual) and half price books (where i got a deep thoughts book). we left indianapolis at about 6:00, and got a little lost, but found our way to west lafayette. west lafayette is actually about 2 hours out of the way, but i really wanted to go to von's (record store), and how often am i in indiana? i bought too much stuff there (big youth 3 cd set, a double cd ethiopians thing, a snuff cd for jeff, and something else i can't remember [possibly a carrot with a cockscrew bone in the middle]). we continued on to champaign, which we arrived in at about 9:30 or so, as usual we were staying with our friends heather and steve. heather wasn't home, but steve was, so we sat around with him for a bit, and were joined shortly after by heather. i think we just sat around for a bit before we went to sleep. chad and i slept in the basement, which--although it smelled like cat pee due to the litter box being down there--was much cooler than upstairs.

saturday, june 30: chad and i slept until about 9:00 on saturday (which wasn't nearly as long as i'd hoped to sleep). it seems like when we go to heather and steve's we just sit around their house a lot, which is fine--but it makes for a pretty dull story. it turns out that their daughter, theia, was pretty scared of me at first (much like my friends kris and tangelia's daughter, kreigh, is every time i go to their house she cries about 15 seconds after she sees me). we had eventually, i think, but she was still staring at chad and me an awful lot. we had pretty good latafel for lunch, then steve, chad and i went to a couple record stores in urbana, but all i got was the first dianogah cd. chad and i wanted to go to normal to go to the record store (deadpan alley) and play video games at labamba, but apparently heather and steve hate normal, so they didn't want to. we went back and forth on the issue for quite a bit until we just decided to go on our own. there were these creepy signs at the side of the road on the way there, which read together would contain messages like "society is safer when criminals/don't know/who's armed/guns save lives". i



guess i can see why people wouldn't want to drive to normal... deadpan alley is a pretty cool store. they don't have a huge amount of stuff, but they have a decent selection, and pretty good prices (most cds are under \$12, and 7"s are about \$3/3.50). i bought the new honor system ep, the mia anthology, the go national 7", and "don't forget to breathe" compilation. the pac man machine at labamba was broken (which is tragic, as it's a really fun one--it's set really fast,

the return of heresy man [no 13] (4.24x3"-16 pages--7)... this is a chick tract, size mini-comic about a guy that wants churches to have lazyboy chairs and shorter services so there's more time for lunch. i don't see why that's heresy!
ancient wisdom comics • po box 24894 • detroit mi 48224

scrag [23] (4.25x8.5"-44 pages--free)... okay, chad changed the name of his zine from 'new day rising' to 'scrag'. i don't know what the hell that means. it's still the same concept, though--rambling an incoherence about his life and ideas. there's a decent amount of stuff about liking bikes, as well as memories of living in minerva (which seems like a horrible place), and a little bit about cornicione and some other stuff. layout-wise it's getting pretty amazing, though the hand lettering could be better (stick to typing). all of the pictures in this issue have people looking as if they have skin diseases...
scrag • 413 w 8th ave 3rd floor • columbus oh 43201

slinky girls [issue #2] (5.5x8.5"-20 pages--7)... this one's all about bikes, and how everyone should ride them instead of driving cars. i suppose i agree in theory, but then we couldn't really make zines and send them around the world if there weren't cars (well, it would certainly take a lot longer, anyway). there's a bike revolution manifesto, a piece about getting tipped off by a bike shop, a story of riding around and exploring a cool abandoned house and barn, and some other bike related bits. even though i'm not really into bikes (i'm more of a walking or driving person), i thought this was pretty good.
aquadome • 121 n main • kirkville mo 63501

tile [issue 2] (6.75x9.5"-24 pages--\$1.00)... this is the second part of a continuing comic about weird mutants, obviously that means it's sci-fi-ish, but it's also kind of funny. the drawing is really good, and the story is pretty decent, as well. i just wish there were more than a few pages of the main story in each issue--only about half of this is the "tile" story, the rest is comprised of some bits of the original ideas for tile, as well as a story about two guys playing video games. certainly worth a dollar, regardless.
billy mocky • po box 542 • north olmsted oh 44070

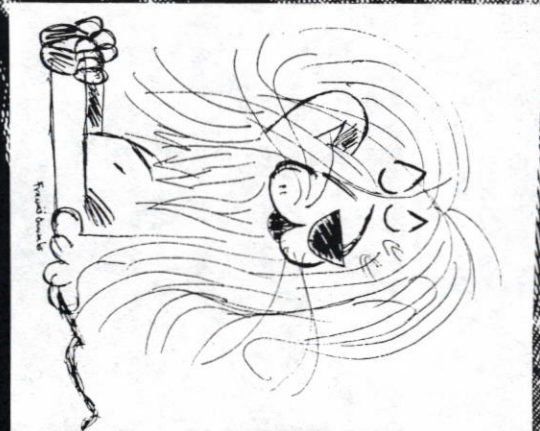
trash [final issue] (5.5x8.5"-8 pages--free/stamp)... the last issue of this amusing zine geared toward venting the frustration of working for the new york city subway system, a couple stories, and some words from readers on how they're sad to see it go. i am, too. it was fun while it lasted...
owl productions • box 220 • 7304 5th ave • brooklyn ny 11209

wemic 'n' ted [1 & #4] (4.25x5.5"-16 pages--75c each)... i'm really not much into comics, but i like these. i haven't read issues 3 or 4, but the story seems to be about two characters coming in contact with evil tikis or something like that. the drawings are pretty good, and the story is fun to read. now i just need to read the in between issues.
crab grass comics • po box 2795 • monroe nc 28111

xeons and things [issue no. 13] (8.5x11"-16 pages--57c cash/stamps, or trade)... fairly in-depth reviews of zines, as well as catalogs, music, and magazine articles. james provides thoughtful and honest reviews, and seems to actually make an effort to be objective about the things he's reviewing. this issue is thick on mimeograph/ditto machine, which makes me think of one of the very few good things about school).
james n dawson • po box 613 • redwood valley ca 95470

music reviews.

"boot to head records sampler 2" cd... i think this has a track or two from just about all of the boot to head releases. i'm not really into any of it (well, except blaster the rocketboy and short-handed, of course), but what can you do? i think the second witness protection program song says "i want my pizza pie", never the less are a second-rate good riddance. blaster the rocket boy and short-handed are both good, of course, but i already had all of their songs that are included here. side walk slam are okay as far as that newer skate-punk/roxi-ish stuff goes, but you have to be really good at that for me to enjoy it. i just realised that the singer of crux sounds kind of like chit pig, but even that can't help them. there's this oil-ish band called gunwale under on here, that's funny. i wonder if they smash nazis (for the lord). on yeah, the ss bounyrunner song is alright. kind of weird, like tremolo guitar meets the cure. one of the songs on here is called "not getting off", is that acceptable on a christian album? i can't believe this thing costs \$10--usually these sort of things are about \$5 (idyl)
\$10.00 to: boot to head records • po box 9005 • portland or 97207



well i won't fight for my country • 'cause the government wouldn't fight for me • they can't afford the dole money • so they put the unemployed in the army.

radio (4.25x5.5"-8 pages-50¢)... this is a short mini-comic about a demon possessed radio and a bottom-
less pit. kinda weird, and with pretty lousy artwork
(which in a way is kind of charming), but pretty decent
for what it is.

ancient wisdom comics • po box 24894 • detroit mi
48224

rant! #20 (5.5x8.5"-20 pages-free/donation)... this is
easily the best issue of rant that i've seen. the bulk of
the content is a journal carla kept for a week, with all of
the entries being based around her thoughts while driv-
ing all over indiana and a bit of ohio. it talks about her
last day at college in muncie, then about her plans to
move to arizona to be near her fiancé. in between you
get to read about her parents, friends, and ideas. i like
this new personal touch.

carla porter • 135 e leyle ave • mishawaka in 46545

resist #42 (5.5x8.5"-60 pages-\$1.50)... with mat's
current focus on gardening and bikes, i kind of have to
wonder if many people will even read this thing any
more. i personally love it, though i've never done any
gardening and haven't been on a bike in probably 8 or
9 years. while i don't act on the ideas presented, i think
they're good things. there's also a very good piece on
wal-mart and how evil it is, as well as how the punk and
activist scenes tend to preach to the converted (but who
doesn't?). oh, and you get to learn how to make a shop-
ping cart bike, dandelion wine, and compost. resist is
one of the very best zines out there, even though the
front cover of this one is incredibly ugly, and the back
has a creepy drawing that everyone i know originally
thought was quite obscene until they re-examined it.
bicycle lane industries • po box 582345 • minneapolis
mn 55458

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money orders out
to chad drunk.

moxie #13 (5.5x8.5"-20 pages-?)... i know, i
reviewed issue 13 last time, but there are TWO issue
13s. i know, it's weird. anyway, this issue is mainly
about the area suzy lives in--south philadelphia. it's
pretty interesting and funny reading about the local
dialect, lingo, and characters. plus there's the usual 7 day
diary and zine reviews, plus some other things. moxie
is becoming one of my favorite zines.

suzie • 330 reed st 2f • philadelphia pa 19147-5499

moxie #14 (4.25x11"-20 pages-?)... suzie puts her
zine out monthly, so i could probably review 3 or 4
issues every time i do a new one. this is the shallow
issue, and has a lot about her hair and clothes. i believe
it's fairly tongue-in-cheek, but it's still not quite up to the
standards of the last couple issues. still worth getting,
though.

suzie • 330 reed st 2f • philadelphia pa 19147-5499

my little broken pinata #6 (5.5x8.5"-28 pages-
free)... it's been a year since the last issue, but finally
here's another. this one has an interview with head-
noise, a story about new orleans from mike (nbz), some
thoughts about jay's kids and how we're dependent on par-
ents in a similar way to how kids are dependent on par-
ents, and some music reviews. the writing is well done
and thoughtful. i like this zine pretty well--i just wish it
came out more often.

jay binder • 920 w wilson • chicago il 60640

new breed zine #8 (7x8.5"-28 pages-free)... it's
been a whole year since the last issue of nbz, but this
one is really good. like the last couple, there's a lot
more reading and less graphics. however, the layout of
this issue is really amazing. i'm not sure what it is, it just
looks really good. the writing varies from fairly light
hearted to pretty intense, and discusses things like the
holocaust, feeling like you're not getting anything
accom-

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and has weird mazes i've never seen in any other machine), but i did get to play a
couple games of donkey kong and centipede. we went back to champaign and went to
eat indian food. it was quite good (duh). back at the house we watched mystery sci-
ence theater 3000 and a broadways video chad bought in normal, then went to sleep.

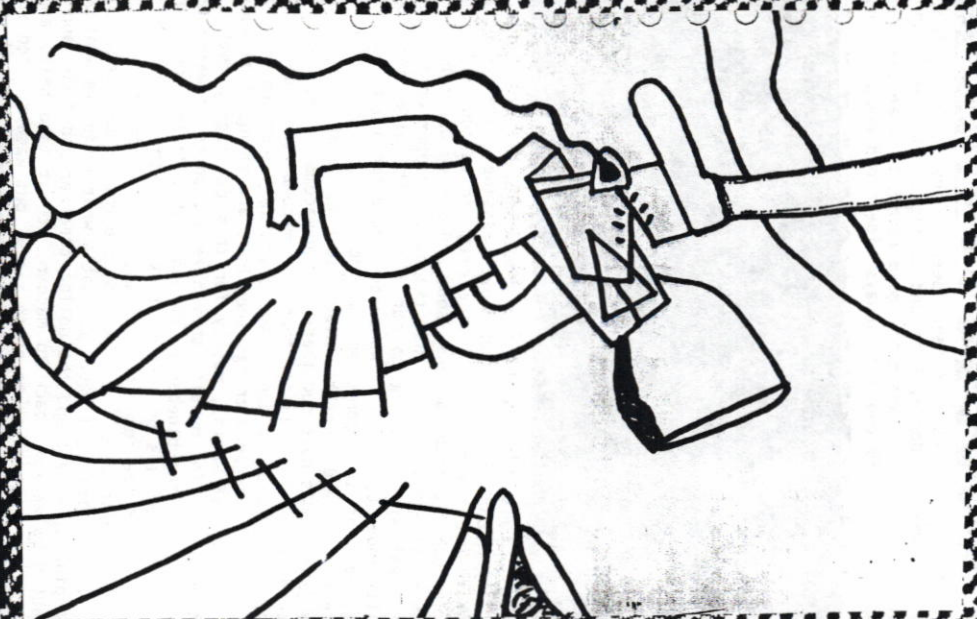
sunday, july 1: all day saturday chad and i had been trying to decide if we were
going to go to chicago sunday to see the honor system at the fireside bowl. i, in
particular, really wanted to see them, but also really didn't want to add four hours
of driving to the trip. plus i find chicago horrifying. by morning we'd decided not
to go, so instead we sat around the house all day, watched another mst3k episode
and a dead milkmen video, and played with steve's keyboard. at about 5:30 we went
to meet a friend of heather and steve's and ate at some that place. it was pretty
decent, but i've had better. we went to target, then back to the house where we
watched the last part of the simpsons and malcolm in the middle. another of their
friends came over and we all went to a park for about an hour. on the way there and
back i was wearing this blanket as a tunic. it was quite enjoyable. chad and i went
to the store and bought some food, then came back to the house. we watched another
mst3k while steve copied some cds from me, then we all went to sleep.

monday, july 2: we got up at about 8:00, and chad and i left for the festival a
bit after 9:00. we drove and drove, passing those creepy gun signs again, stopping
only to use the restroom at the citgo in canton, until we got to the festival at
about noon. we found an okay spot and set up our tent (which was actually borrowed
from kris), only to find that the bottom zipper on the door didn't work. point one
for bugs! after putting up our flyers with directions to the camp (which no one
really ended up using) we wandered around for a bit, finding that fruitless and bor-
ing. we went to macomb. ah, macomb, savior from blistering heat and provider of
decent food (and tolerable places to dispose of it after digestion). we ate at sub-
way (they don't have cucumbers at the macomb stores. boo!), then went to the phoenix
record store. for a little town like macomb, the phoenix is actually a pretty decent
store. they usually don't have anything i want to buy, but sometimes that's just
because all the good things they have are things i already have. i did buy a bunch
of incense (\$6 worth). mostly for this gal tracey that i work with (100 sticks!).
but also some for myself. they have all sorts of weird kinds i've never seen any-
where else, like blueberry, banana, tutti-fruity, and mango (as well as non-fruit
scents). plus it's only 5¢ a stick. after the record store, we went to the library
to play with the computers and enjoy air conditioning. i decided it would be easi-
er to write these entries each day and email them home, rather than trying to remem-
ber it all when i get back, so that's what i did. we went back to the festival (after
stopping at k-mart and the dollar tree) around 7:00, and wandered around a bit. at
about 9:00 we went back to macomb, ate at taco bell, and bought gas. back at the
festival i just tried to go to sleep, but wasn't tired enough for about an hour. i
think i finally fell asleep at about midnight.

tuesday, july 3: as is always the case at cornerstone, we woke up when the sun
began heating our tent to intolerable temperatures. it's really unfortunate that it
gets so hot so early at the festival, as it impairs any chance of getting a decent
amount of sleep. on good days i'll get about 6 hours of sleep at the festival. that's
bad. this year it did get
not a little later than
usual (about 8:00 instead
of 7:00 or 6:00). so it was-
n't quite as bad. after wak-
ing i went to take a shower
in the ever frightening
festival shower facilities.
the last few years i haven't
noticed the sulfur scent in
the water that much, but
this year it was back in
full force (but not with
lisa lisa and cult jam). on
the way to the shower i
stumbled upon our own tyler
pistol, who informed me
that he and his cronies were



not yet camped anywhere, so they put their stuff up at our site. when i returned from the showers chad, tyler, dave, kevin (the last two being friends of tyler), and i went to macomb for breakfast at cookie's diner. i've been going to cookie's for breakfast every day of the festival for about 7 or 8 years. it's a good place. with cheap prices. about the only thing i ever get there is american fries (which are like homefries) and toast, but it's always good. one of the waitresses there always remembers us and what we order. too right as we were leaving cookies it started to rain--another corner stone tradition that really needs no additional comments. suffice it to say, it was a fairly small storm, and the festival suffered very little mud from it. both of which are unusual but welcomed. after eating we went to the hyvee store and looked around a bit. and chad and i went to k-mart. i stopped in the eagle market before going to k-mart to get some vanilla sunsoy. all they had were half gallons. but i really wanted some. so i bought it and started drinking. later in the day i think the high amounts of vitamins i was consuming caught up to me. as i had to poop many times in small quantities. i think my body was rejecting the over abundance of calcium and vitamin b12. we went back to the festival and watched shortanded, and later blender-head. both were a little disappointing. shortanded have pretty much totally abandoned all of the weird little quirks and time changes they used to do, but i liked it head had little. if any. stage presence. musically they were fine. but i liked it better when bill didn't play bass. as he was an amusing front man. earlier in the afternoon we'd run into our friend jeremiah. and later his wife stef. so they came to watch blenderhead with us. chad, tyler, and i came back to macomb so tyler could see the phoenix. and so we could all waste time at the library. but first we ate at this chinese place i can never remember the name of. then went to the library. i think we were there for 2 or 3 hours. then we went to eat at taco bell. back at the festival we pretty much just wandered and sat around until slick shoes played at about midnight. as always they were quite good. though i still miss the old time-up with jackson and dave. they were fun to watch then. as 3/4 of the band had their mouths hanging open looking dumb much of the time. after that i went to sleep.



wednesday, july 4: celebrate the birth of your nation by blowing up a small portion of it. we got up with the sun, and went to macomb. this time it was chad, tyler, dave, and i. cookie's, as always--but this time i had a blueberry bagel instead of toast. i liked that better. we were going to go to the laundromat so i could wash some clothes (almost out of undies). but both were closed. so we went to wal-mart and i bought some instead. the wal-mart bathroom is somewhat amazing in that they have about 6 or 8 each of urinals and commodes. i want to get a bunch of people in

In consequence of these facts [issue no 3] (11x17--4 pages--40c & s.a.s.e.)... amazing, james is able to take things like reviews and letters, and make them into a full publication that's actually interesting to read. this issue has reviews of a few animal rights publications, as well as a few other publications, and some letters from his personal correspondence. the format is a bit annoying. what with the giant pages, but at least now i'm sure i don't want to try it! james n dawson • po box 613 • redwood valley ca 95470

Inside joke [issue 5] (5.5x8.5--24 pages--75c)... inside joke is getting better. i still don't like the computer layout, but the writing is a lot more interesting than past issues. two particularly good pieces are about enjoying blue skies, and a bus ride that involves a discussion with an older man about how 'the young generation is destroying itself with drugs and violence'. there's also an interview with christen center of busy beaver, a story about going to see weezer and the get up kids, and some other short bits. inside joke • po box 661351 • miami springs fl 33266-1351

Invisible robot fish [ish 2 & 3] (5.5x7--16 pages--2 stamps each)... two issues of billy's comic that he attempts to write and draw in an hour (and rarely succeeds--one of these took 2 hours, and the other 18). 2 is the story of one of those little helicopter rides for kids that they sometimes have outside of stores or in malls. it keeps getting beaten on and tortured by some kid. 3 is about a guy planning to rob a bank, being foiled by a monkey, and then foiling the monkey. fun. billy mckay • po box 542 • north olmsted oh 44070

Lists #1 & #2 (8.5x5.5--16 pages each--7c)... this is a new thing from suzle at moxie, as you could guess. it's comprised of a bunch of lists. that may sound dull, but it's actually really fun to read. some of the lists are folks named jack, types of pies, streets she's lived on, things from the 80s, dreams she's had, things in a pile, suit on/in her fridge, and cule dog names. i really liked this a lot (both of them!) get it! suzle • 330 read st. 21 • philadelphia pa 19147-5499

conventional weapons, to kill people nicely • no, nuclear weapons, to keep the peace • but weapons, definitely • either way we must defend ourselves.

mad school children [issue 1] (4.25x5.5--20 pages--stamp)... i wasn't expecting much from this first issue, but it's actually fairly decent. mainly there are just some little bits on things that tim likes, or just things he wants to comment on in general. plus some thing i wrote and a thing dave mullet wrote. granted, all of the text could probably have fit on 1/3 the amount of pages, but for a first try it's pretty good. i've certainly seen much worse zines from people a lot older than 13... tim • 520 hamilton ne • massillon oh 44646

mad school children [issue 2] (5.5x8.5--12 pages--stamp)... this one is mainly about tim's visit to his brother's place in virginia--watching tv, getting scared by assorted things, pretending to be dead... you know, there's also a piece about how "punk discrimination" is intentional on the part of those being discriminated against. again, it could all fit in half of the space used, but oh well. tim • 520 hamilton ne • massillon oh 44646

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zine reviews.

a.c.m.e. [vol 5] (5.5x8.5"-32 pages-?)... not to be confused with the christian zine from the mid-80s, this is a collection of writing by several people (apparently all college students) on assorted subjects. I didn't think most of it was all that interesting, but I did like a section describing a day spent in jury duty selection (in which no one was even selected). it's not that the rest was particularly bad, just not that interesting... to me, anyway.
karolyn budzek • po box 112 • dayton oh 45409-0112

adorn [11] (4.25x8"-36 pages-plus 16 4.25x5.5" pages & 4 4.25x3.5" pages--stamps/trade/mix tape/\$1)... as you can tell by the size description, the layout and format on this one are pretty unusual. there are lots of pictures, many of which look to be from the 1950s, with text laid out over them. it's all arranged very artistically, and looks like it probably took quite a while to do. most of the reading is of the vague, personal variety, and is thus not terribly appealing to me. it is very well done, though, and looks great.
bree suzanne • po box 892 • hartville oh 44632

armchair revolution [10] (5.5x4.25"-60 pages-\$1.00)... this is by far the best issue of this zine that i've seen. it's mainly comprised of two stories, one about growing up in a dysfunctional family with an alcoholic and mean dad, and the second about drifting apart from friends while growing up. there are also interviews with a juggler named brad adita and crispus attacks, plus some record reviews. oh, and there's a really good piece on why stealing, even from corporations, is pretty lame. the layout looks really good, but he probably could have fit twice as much stuff in here by making the text a little smaller. it works pretty well the way it is, though.
armchair revolution • 2847 7th ave apt #3 • rock island il 61201

as the world burns [no. 18] (5.5x8.5"-16 pages-75¢)... hmmm... this issue isn't as good as the last couple for two reasons. one, it's almost impossible to read. the text ranges from about 2 to 4 point, which is just unjustifiable. really, it's painful to read. second, it's not as funny as the last couple. still, it's pretty decent. there are stories about seeing greg grafin give a talk, getting stranded at work, and getting in trouble for making a zine (and someone else making loads of copies of it and distributing them around town). there are no reviews, but there are two interviews--with the figgs and dillinger four. the dillinger four one is actually almost interesting, which is rare for an interview. an okay issue, but the text size just has to change. i understand wanting to fit a lot into a small space, but when the price is illegibility, then it's kind of pointless.
dan disturbed • 2617 b n pierce st • milwaukee wi 53212

war, war is stupid • and people are stupid • and love means nothing • in some strange borders.

the blind midget [issue #5] (5.5x8.5"-20 pages-?)... this one looks pretty bad, with a copy job that causes some of the pieces to be difficult to read. however, the writing itself is pretty good. overall this is a pretty level-headed zine, with discussion of dogma and abortion being particularly interesting (i know, i'm sick or reading about abortion, too--this is different. it's about the perspective of a father who wants the child while the mother has an abortion). there are also things on being self-centred, helping the needy, an interview with the juliana author, and other bits. one piece makes mention of the author being pro-capital punishment, which of course is fucked up and inconsistent, but otherwise it seems pretty good.
the blind midget • 325 west cox drive • fortwayne in 46807

the city lights [denial two] (4.25x5.5"-20 pages-?)... kind of vague and depressing. you get the idea that life is pretty unpleasant from reading this. i suppose a lot of times it is. i just wish you could tell what was going on. it's obvious that much of this is sparked by "girl trouble", but it's so vague that you really don't get much of a story.
anthony vincent • 12304 lena ave apt b • cleveland oh 44135

epson energy [18] (4.25x8.5"-52 pages-free)... amazing, as always. i think that cornelius, resist, and epson energy for some sort of triune godhead of zines. this issue, like the past ones, contains several stories from leigh's life: living in a squat in berlin with junkies, finding the d.c. punk scene at age 12, developing relationships, and so on. the writing seems very honest and real, with lots of details and asides. the whole thing is hand written (spare one piece from a friend) with minimal graphics, which usually wouldn't work well, but with writing this good you don't even notice. a must read.
leigh vega • 406 serrano dr • san francisco ca 94132
until april 2002//po box 15862 • washington d.c. 20003-5862 (permanent address)

for those about to rock [issue #1] (5.5x8.5"-12 pages-50¢)... i can't read the name of this without thinking of pansy division and bracket. this is a pretty quick zine focused on bmx stuff, and a bit of music and other underground stuff. there's a piece on a bike concert, a shorter one on unamerican activities, and another on a band called dead to fall. oh, and another about i'm that interested in, but it's not bad.
for those about to rock • 2935 thornycroft dr • indianapolis in 46268

how2 zine (5.5x8.5"-120 pages-\$3.00)... wow! this thing is overwhelming. it's huge, with loads of information on all sorts of topics. there's stuff on gardening, juggling, building stoves, developing pictures, making puppets, billboard modification, sewing, fixing cars, and so much more. almost all of the information is reprinted from other zines and assorted sources, but it's all focused on doing things yourself and learning to be more self-sufficient. it took me forever to read this, but it was very enjoyable.
how2 distro • po box 14523 • richmond va 23221

there and flush them all at once to see if there's a good enough water supply to fill them back up. when we came back to the festival we all went to the first part of a series of seminars on jaques ellul, who wrote the book "anarchy and christianity", as well as many other books of a socio-theological nature. the first part was basically just a run down of his life, and a few aspects of his ideas. after that i went to see the witness protection program, who i thought were terrible, but caleb (who does boot to head records) wanted me to go. never the less was supposed to play, but at that point they hadn't shown up, and i wasn't going to wait all day for them, so chad and i wandered around a bit, talked to matt johnson at the blender-head table, and then set off for macomb again. along the way we ran into jeremiah, so he went with us. we hung out outside of a gas station drinking beverages, ate at the chinese place again, then went back to the festival as jeremiah had remembered he was supposed to meet stef at 5:30. he was a little late, but i'm sure she didn't beat him too badly (though i didn't see him for our friend kris, who we'd seen one for the rumor mill). chad and i went to look for our friend kris, who we'd seen the day before, and found him relatively easily. we sat around with him and sydnie (that's his wacky daughter) for a little bit, then went to find a table to take over to the underground stage to use for hocking our zines and assorted wares. i felt kind of bad because i didn't stick around the table too much, but i wanted to go see a couple bands. the power was actually out for a few hours at this point, which i thought was really nice. it was pretty much everything i want cornerstone to be--i could talk to my friends without hearing bands screaming in the background, and we could actually talk to people that were interested in our zines. i propose that there be a powerless day every year at the festival--and it should be in the middle of the festival so people can't avoid it by coming late or leaving early. eventually the power came back on, and i went to see unwed sailor. they were amazing, as always, and easily the best band at the festival. they had yet another drummer (i'd been hoping matt johnson would play with them, but the new guy was really good, too), as i guess johnathon and nick are the only permanent members. after that i went to see brandtson, who i attempted to heckle, but they couldn't even hear anything i was yelling. i wasn't even far away! i left frustrated after a few songs. i went back to the zine table for a while, leaving after brother's keeper (what were they doing there, anyway?) started. their singer doesn't even sound like a chicken anymore--now they've got nothing going for them. blenderhead played again, and i thought they were a lot better this time, despite a horrible mix. they even played a couple songs from their first album, which was sort of unexpected/weird. i ran into my friend alex from indianapolis before blenderhead played. stef had told me she'd seen him earlier, which was pretty nice as i didn't even know he was going. i didn't really get to talk to him too much at that point, but later i did. afterwards i walked around a little, got a burrito (which was pretty good, really), then went to sleep.

thursday, july 5: i think this was the day that bree (who does a zine called "adorn") went to macomb with us for breakfast. after that we went to the laundromat so i could wash some clothes. i got to see some bits of old saturday night live episodes that were on comedy central at the laundromat. when we went back to the festival we went to the second part of the ellul seminar, which was more about his writing and later life. wednesday we had noticed that there was an abnormally large amount of skateboarders in macomb. tyler, chad and i had seen some of them skating outside of taco bell while we were eating there. thursday we saw them again as we were coming through town after eating at el rancharito for lunch (it's an el camp-istino-style mexican restaurant). immediately after that we stopped at walgreens to get beverages (they had mystic watermelon-kiwi, which i'd not seen in a few years!) and these yummy cookies (including banana ones. amazing). when we came outside to drink and eat the skaters were there skating around. we came to the conclusion that we were being stalked. back at the festival i guess we set up the zine table again, and again i wandered away quite a bit. i actually went all the way down to the main stage to see mxpx for a bit, and they were alright, but i just don't like watching them in the environments they play in these days. when i could see them in a smaller club or at a college it was nice, but these giant shows they play now are just lame. plus their fans are goofy. i went to see daniel amos, who were okay, but didn't play much of their material that i like. later on i watched damien jurado with tyler, and we just made a bunch of dumb jokes the whole time. i got to talk to alex and his lady friend hailey (i don't know if that's spelled right) for a while after damien's set, which was nice. we tried to make plans to go to macomb the next day, but they do too much stuff at the festival so we decided to try for saturday and

went to sleep.

friday, july 6: usual breakfast stuff. the day was basically ruined by an unscheduled unwed sailor performance. i learned of it that morning when i ran into johnathon, and had to re-plan my whole day. i'd hoped to stay in town all afternoon after the last part of the elul seminar, but instead we came back for the seminar, went back to macomb for lunch and to try to go to the library (i don't even remember if we actually made it there). came back for unwed sailor at 5:00 (they were wonderful again, by the way), then went back to macomb for dinner. that night i actually hung around at the zine table quite a bit, then mike and i went to watch brandtson. i'm really not a big fan of their music (though i guess i like a couple songs fairly well), but they're nice guys and i've been friends with matt for years. i have to say, though, that when i watch them play i'm embarrassed to know him. he just acts so goofy. i got a little heckling in this time, too. after that i went to see pedro the lion with tyler, jeremiah, and stef. we were trying to annoy the people around us by making offensive/dumb comments, and i think it worked a bit. stef doesn't like jeremiah to hang out with me, because i'm a bad influence on him... they played forever. afterwards i talked to alex and the possibly misspelled hailey again for a while, and we made plans to go to macomb for breakfast the next morning.

saturday, july 7: up to this point the weather had not been too terrible. usually at cornerstone it's always in the 90's every day (as bushnell is the mouth of hell), but this year it was mostly in the 80's, and fairly tolerable. however, saturday was typical cornerstone weather. being that we were not used to it, it was pretty miserable. as always we went to breakfast in macomb. this time without tyler, but still with dave, and alex and hailey (who may be spelled wrong. i must once again mention) finally came along. after breakfast dave tried in vain to find a way to get some money from a bank or wired to him, as he'd lost his bank card somewhere (that's what you get for relying on banks rather than just using cash, though). i wanted to go to the library, but we didn't. back at the festival i wandered around with jeremiah for a while. i saw tora tora torrance (my friend jason's band) and talked with jason a bit. i was sad because he was only there for about a day. he didn't really get to hang out with him. chad and i went back to town to eat. i was feeling kind of sick that day, which sucked. that's about the worst place you could be when you're sick. later that night we did the zine table for a bit, then i went up to the food area and ate a really yummy quesadilla. seriously, those things are amazing (albeit expensive)! then i went to watch stryker with kris. they were pretty boring. i thought they'd be funny, at least, but not even that. we had plans to arrive in champagne sometime in the middle of the night, plus chad seemed pretty miserable (he tried to sleep in the car while i went to laugh at stryker). so we left at about 11:00. i was ready to sleep about a half hour into the drive (cornerstone's patented lack of sleep will do that to you), and even tried to behind a cigo in canton, but it was 82° outside, and way too hot to sleep. we kept on driving, with me nearly falling asleep the whole time, and finally arrived in champagne at about 3:00 am (which is much longer than it should take. i guess it was because we stopped to try to sleep). i fell asleep almost immediately.

sunday, july 8: unfortunately we only slept until 11:00 or so. we got up, sat around for a bit, then ate boca burgers and stuff with heather, steve, and their friends. heather and steve had rented the mystery science theater episode where they watch "manos: the hands of fate" so we watched that (i actually already have that one, but it's hard to resist watching those things), then chad and i finally left. we stopped at k-mart before getting on the highway, and i think we finally got on the road at about 5:50--which is way too late. we did get to see some lightning from a cool storm that we didn't really experience much of, but otherwise it was an uneventful drive home. we ate at subway in huntington (where they used to play acid rock, but no longer do). at about 1:30 am the lack of sleep caught up to me, and only an hour from home in mansfield ohio i had to pull into a parking lot and sleep for a couple hours. chad was actually sleeping outside the car in the parking lot, which i thought was pretty funny. we finally got home at about 4:30 am, and after dropping chad off at his dad's house (he was staying in massillon for a couple days so he could come with me to see what happens next in pittsburgh) i went right to sleep.

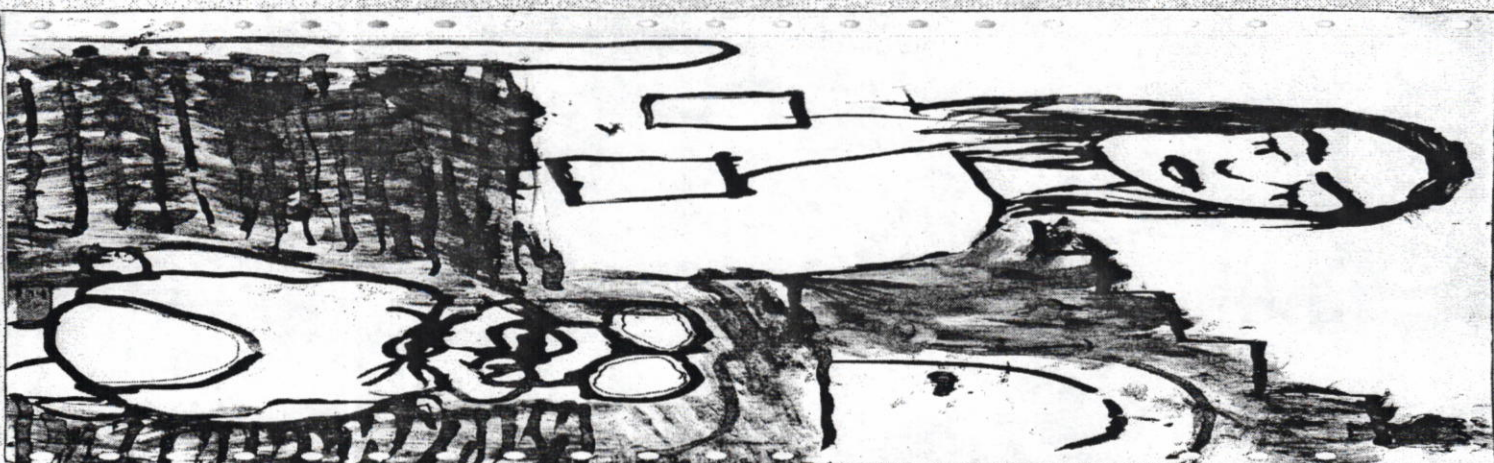
--tdy

still plenty going on in that area. the u.s. has imposed sanctions on iraq that have essentially caused hundreds of thousands of people there to starve to death or die from diseases that can't be treated without the medical supplies that the u.s./u.n. won't let in. then there's the u.s. backing of israel, which is essentially slaughtering palestinians and preventing them from having a homeland. also, there was that u.s. bombing of a sudanese pharmaceutical factory (that the u.s. claimed was a chemical weapons plant. once again, it wasn't) a couple years ago. there are plenty of reasons for people to hate the u.s. is this justification for someone to kill a bunch of people (or even one) just because they live in the u.s. (or for any other reason)? of course not. but understanding why people hate us will do a lot more for preventing similar things than military retaliation will. a good first step would be drastically altering u.s. foreign policy in a manner than would prevent 3/4 of the world from hating us. stop plundering the world and pushing people around.

if you really want to stop terrorism, why not take a look at the terrorism our taxes finance? many of the above mentioned u.s. actions can only be described as terrorism, and we can add to that the school of the americas (the u.s. terrorism training camp), as well as countless u.s. backed military dictatorships in central america throughout the last 30 years or so. but people have this attitude that terrorism is something THEY do. not something WE do. it's only terrorism when we're the victims. after all, those people we inflict violence on are brown.

with all of this, i must add that i think all governments and militaries are evil. i just find it easier to criticize the one i'm most familiar with. i'm not advocating or suggesting overthrowing anything. i'm just really, really, really sick of and frustrated with all of this blind acceptance of whatever the state and media tell people. do i expect anyone to listen to me? no. do i expect people in the local community who read this to get mad and want to hurt me? yes. go ahead. but please remember that my parents live at the same address i do, and they think america is just wonderful. so just beat me up outside or something instead of burning down our house.

--tdy



GOD BLESS AMERICA.

i've been wanting to write something about all this terrorism and war hooha going on, but it's all just so frustrating that i'm afraid i won't be able to talk about it without getting really angry. i guess i'll do it anyway, though.

as i'm sure most of you are aware, i'm a christian. i follow jesus christ. i'm well aware that many leaders of the united states, the president in particular, claim to also be christians. what i find odd, though, is that for an allegedly "christian nation" (a concept so ridiculous it makes me want to laugh out loud and choke) the united states and most of the people living in it seem to have little to no understanding of the principles that jesus christ taught. all i've heard are calls for revenge and taking over afghanistan (and perhaps the entire middle east), yet jesus has told us to love our enemies, to turn the other cheek, to not resist an evil person, and to not repay evil with evil. he also said that if someone says they love god yet they hate their brother (which, for those of you still not getting it means everyone) they're a liar. i'm not one to judge, but it seems to me they're lying. it also seems to me that the entire concept of a military and war are drastically opposed to the teachings of jesus. in fact, he seems to indicate that we should not resist if we are persecuted. to the leaders and mindless citizens of this nation i would like to say this: have your useless, murderous, and counterproductive war if you want to, but leave god out of it. believe me, he's not going to help you "win" it. you cannot reconcile war with a messiah who tells us that if we live by the sword we will die by the sword. pick the sword or god--you can't have both.

some of you may bring up the fact that god actually lead israel through wars in the old testament. here's the major difference: god was leading them, not men. they were lead by an audible voice of god. is the united states? i must admit, i don't understand why god had israel go to war, and it is an aspect of scripture that i'm not terribly comfortable with, but i do know that it's entirely different than any situation in the last couple thousand years.

and then we have all of this "god bless america" crap. isn't it funny that any other time the majority of americans completely ignore the god in favor of money, pride, possessions, lust, greed, etc. but then when something bad happens to them suddenly they want his

blessing (without repentance)? of course, they also didn't care about displaying their patriotism until recently, either, so maybe it's all just about mindlessly fitting in. actually, there's no maybe about it. but back to god. why would he bless something he has no reason to bless? why would he bless a society who's entire alleged premise (democracy, i.e. majority rule, which it isn't anyway) is opposed to him? ah yes, please bless us while we abort half of our pregnancies, end half of our marriages in divorce, live our lives on a constant quest for fornication and drunkenness, and otherwise say "fuck you, god" constantly. it's only fair, right? we put your name on our dirty money and give you lip service in our idolatrous pledge of allegiance, after all...

on to other ridiculous slogans: how about this one--"proud to be an american"? generally when people are proud of things (which they shouldn't be, anyway) it's because they've accomplished something. what sort of accomplishment is just happening to be born somewhere? most u.s. citizens are here because they were born here. they didn't do anything to achieve being an american. they might as well say, "proud to have a nose", or better yet, "proud to be white".

how about this catchy slogan instead: "god is not american"? it's totally true, unlike most of what we're seeing propagated in our newspapers, television reports, schools, etc.

then there's all this nonsense about how america takes care of each other and that everyone here is helping each other. as far as i know homelessness and poverty are still pretty widespread.

this nation is still the same farce that it always has been. it has nothing to do with god or loving and taking care of others--it's all about greed and power, just like every other country. coincidentally, that's also what the united states was attacked for. i know most of you are in denial and think that the u.s. couldn't possibly ever do anything wrong that would make someone hate it and want to attack it, but even the slightest knowledge of recent history should give some clues. for starters, although most have forgotten all about "the gulf war" because there's been nothing televised about it in the last 10 years, there's

Three short stories

by Sydnie

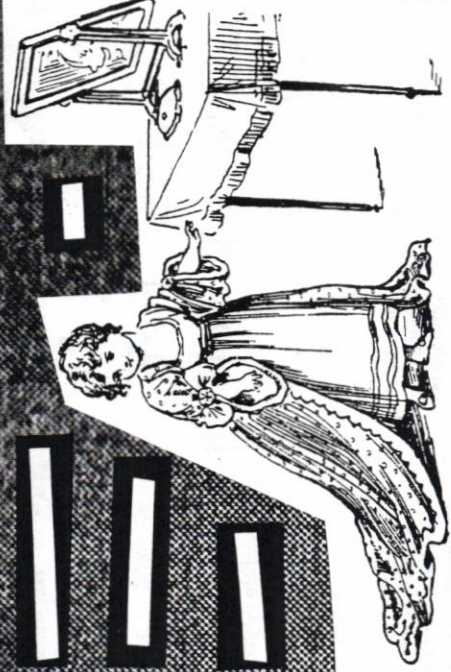
Once upon a time, there was a princess. She didn't have anyone to play with. Her name was Mary. Then a kitten came along, her name was Sydnie. And then a fairy came along and her name was Tangelia. Then a prince came along and his name was Kristopher. Mary played with the people.

One day, Mr. Green Jeans' cat scratched him on the hand. It made blood because kitten's paws are very sharp. Then his wife Blue Jeans came along and said "What happened to you?" Mr. Green Jeans said, "The cat scratched me on the hand." Then they put a band aid on it.

Once upon a time, we made a snow family. It was bright and shiny. I wasn't helping. Me and you were eating snow. And we were throwing snowballs at my father. And I smashed my sister's bottom. Not the real sister, like people. Just the snow sister. I was playing with the next door neighbors, then it was time to eat. I didn't want to because I was having fun with the next door neighbors. I can't remember the rest.



well it seems like total destruction the only solution • and there ain't no use • no one can stop them now.



the hard anthropic principle

by Jason Underground
November 22, 2000

The Anthropic Principle (for those of you who can't quite remember) is a proposal from the scientific community to answer the question, "Why has the universe formed in such a way as to produce intelligent life on the planet earth?" The Anthropic Principle answers simply by saying that the universe would HAVE to develop in such a way as to produce intelligent life simply in order for there to be someone to ask the question and thus require the answer. Theoretically there could be an infinite number of universes that exist both before and after this one, but they are to be excluded by applying Occum's Razor. since they are inconsequential to the Anthropic Principle due to their lack of intelligent life and the queries thereof.

But it occurs to me that the Anthropic Principle has no mechanism (other than the implied meaning of its name) within it to limit the quantity of intelligent life forms. Perhaps a Philanthropic Principle is just as valid: the universe developed in such a way as to allow intelligent life forms the opportunity to evolve and be kind to one another. (For more ideas on this see my Themestream article "how 2 b nice".) Or there could be an Extra-anthropic Principle; that the planet earth developed in such a way as to produce intelligent life solely for the purpose of being discovered by an even more intelligent life form from elsewhere in the universe.

Personally, I tend to see more evidence for the Pernoanthropic Principle than any of the others. It appears as though the universe developed in such a way as to produce intelligent life forms who could devise a technologically advanced means of rapidly transmitting pornographic material to one another in order to wank off.

COMMENTS.

THINGS THAT LOOK LIKE MEAT by Miltouse Guidey

between the time of the food issue and the sleep issue, I was considering changing my name to pork-fat gas-monkey, this being due to the fact that a bunch of people were horrified and disturbed by my love for a well-cooked piece of pork fat (see SFN 51--"the food issue") and the fact that for a time I had a job pumping gas for the man, anyway, it's probably best that I didn't, but the part about gas pumping is what I wanted to write this column about. Shall we? we shall.

June 2001 was by all accounts an interesting, even bizarre month in some respects. well, for me it was, it could have been much better or worse and probably more interesting for the great many of you, but we're not here to talk about you, right, now... for starts, I made friends with some lesbians, who later "got busy" on my couch in plain sight of me, a couple weeks after that, I myself at the age of 20 "got busy" with (and kissed and held hands and was close to) a girl for the first time in my life, on top of that, nearer the end of the month I'd and I and that wee lad tim ventured up to Cleveland to see the sooooooocoo brain (an experience which would probably require a column of its own, but I won't "go there"), but these events were prefaced by and are weak in light of--and in fact, I think those first two things I mentioned may have been some sort of cosmic/karmic reimbursement for--something that happened in the middle of may... the fact that your pal milhouse, staunch supporter of laziness and not giving in to the man's devious plot to

enslave me/us by means of employment (and thus taxpaying)... well, I got a job.

I was employed by sunoco/certified oil, which is to say I did indeed wind up workin' in a gas station, this is a little funny when you go back to one of my previous columns where I noted that authority figures in high school thought this would be my future (if you can call that a future) and as it turned out, when I did actually apply to work at the gas station, I couldn't get the job, the last time the place needed help and I applied, they ended up hiring somebody else, this was perhaps a mistake for them as that person ended up costing them a fair bit of money, the station came up short considerable amounts a few times (well over half of which was actually in the form of sodas that were consumed by the employee, and possibly friends, but never actually paid for), so you see, they should have hired me in the first place! well, when they fired that thief lady (N. mis john didonna), then they hired me, but if they'd hired me first they would have lost a lot less money.

the job had it's good points--it was something to do instead of being bored at home and just playing teirfs and wanking all day, it was a way to get money to buy records and stuff, and it was really pretty easy, also, I met a couple nice people while working there--my friends held and stefanie who are supposedly going to be moving in with me pretty soon (or may have already at this point, or might not ever--who knows), the bad points were mostly that they had me working fucked up hours not always resembling a normal work schedule and, naturally, I got really tired of standing all the fucking time, oh, and of course, those hot-ass blue/black work shirts are "a bitch" to wear in the summertime, even though I did look terribly handsome in them...

after a short time I took to referring to myself as "gas jockey", I thought I needed a stupid little nickname to illustrate my new part-time position as "tool of the man", I eventually amended this to "gas monkey", which I feel better illustrates the degradation of having to run out to pump some jerk's gas every time you hear a little bell go off, if I was alone at the store with a friend and the bell went off signifying my services may be needed, to make them laugh and also to illustrate how much I loathed doing it, I would do the "gas monkey" bit, which was to hop up and down clapping my hands and saying "I'm a little gas monkey, watch me go!" why does that job even still exist? do that many people really need someone to pump their gas for them? well, of course they fucking do, because people are lazy, obviously, another thing that inflated me to the core was that there were so many times I would go out to ask the person "can I help ya?" and learn that they weren't aware we pumped the gas for them, they would say "oh, is this full service?" and I would basically always say "it's my job to pump your



**HARRY
TO BE**
Tony Hendry

Principles of a Theology of Nature

God retains ownership. We are tenants/renters. Stewardship is a gift from God - not based on some achievement of man. We are to look after the Earth on God's behalf.

Earth is a gift to people collectively - not individual men. Attempts to monopolize land and resources for private gain are violations.

Man, unlike God, does not create de novo (from nothing). He works with pre-existing things. GR, nuclear power are e.g. of recent attempts to radically alter God's created order.

Man must honour the integrity of pre-existing material. God created all and what he made is good. Thus responsible use of the Earth must take into account the balance and harmonies of the natural world.

Man is always answerable to God. Man must exercise authority over Creation on behalf of God and with responsibility. We are stewards - not owners. We are to care for the earth on behalf of the owner: God.

Cf. analogy of a book borrower in a library - who is entitled and expected to make the best use of its contents but trusted to handle the books properly so that they are available to others.

We should reflect the "good shepherd model". Such a shepherd is totally responsible for the welfare of his flock - to the point of self-sacrifice and even death to protect them [Jn.10].

TONY HENDRY IS A GUY OF MANY INTERESTS - ORGANIC GROWING, HERBALISM, ANIMAL/PEOPLE SOCIAL ACTIVISM, CYCLING FOR THE CAUSE OF SAVING THE WORLD. YOU CAN CONTACT HIM AT: QALINTO:CAPITALISM-CANCER@HOTMAIL.COM OR GAYPITALISM-CANCER@HOTMAIL.COM OR R.R.2, 380 CHAMBER RD, DURHAM, ON L9H 5H2 CANADA.



George the Second seems convinced this is a good idea. What a jerk. Seriously, I expect him to start throwing Islamic people into concentration camps or something.

(TYLER PISTOL IS AN ADVERTISING COPYWRITER, FOR NOW, AND IS AWFULLY HAPPY TO BE LIVING IN CANADA THESE DAYS. TO SEND HIM COOKIE RECIPES OR GENERAL HATE MAIL, CONTACT HIM AT TYLER@TYLERHESHA.COM)

Short Stories - Essays -

Thoughts

By Olivia Aron

"Some people have normal families." I used to think.

Certainly all families have occasional problems and bicker and argue. Such behavior is to be expected when people live so close to one another for most of their lives.

How does one know whether one has a normal family or a dysfunctional family? In the case of the latter, does every family member have to be

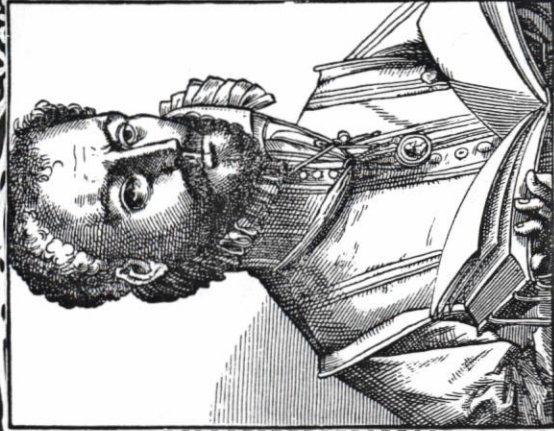
dysfunctional, or can one dominant and dysfunctional member cause the rest of the family to be the same? Do true dysfunctional families start off that way or do they gradually become that way? Is there a remedy for the dysfunctional family?

"My family was normal at one time," I used to think. Our once suburban neighbors did not think so. "Too many kids," they thought. Normal families have one to three children, not six, like ours. "Normal families put their kids in school," they thought, calling us truants. Three of the six children in my family never spent a day in a traditional, educational institution. Our momma kept all six of us home to protect us from The Secular World. Momma did the teaching while pops worked in the city to support his family of eight.

We were born in the city, but moved to the suburbs because that is what normal American families are supposed to do. We did everything expected of a normal family. We went to church every Sunday, all of us dressed up, rolling out of the driveway in the station wagon with wooden panel siding. We tried so hard to be the model American family, always eating dinner together at the table, saying prayers first and then: meat, potatoes, vegetables. That's just the kind of family we were.

"We looked normal too," I used to think. Two little girls in home made dresses with long, braided hair. Four boys, who would be boys, with bruised shins and bowl cuts given by momma. Yes, we were pretty darn normal. Not quite normal enough for the suburbs, however.

So, we moved to the city. It was closer to pops work anyhow. Momma still tried to shelter us from The Evil of This World. Her scare tactics did not work on the oldest three of six. They were teenagers, you see, they rebelled. Momma found their secular music and books and she burned them in a metal garbage can. I was still a child, I followed the rules without questions and I did not



understand why my older three siblings could not. Why did the three of them have to make momma and pops so mad? Why did they have to look so abnormal?

"Tattoos are pagan", momma informed me. *Pagan sounds bad*, I thought. "Cigarette smoking leads to worse things", she added. *NO! Not worse things!* She warned me of her past so that I would never do what she had. She did many drugs, ran away from home as a teenager to New York City, worked at Andy Warhol's movie theatre where "bad" movies played, had a baby at age twenty with a man who abused her for four years. But, she was saved, she discovered the Bible. I respected her story and vowed never to make the mistakes she did.

By the time the baby of the family graduated home school momma and pops gave up. "We tried to teach you the right way", they said, "We don't know where we went wrong." I tried to figure it out myself, *Where did they go wrong?*

"I have a dysfunctional family", I thought for a while. One brother had a baby with a seventeen-year-old. Once he tried to score drugs and instead had his head beaten with the handle of a gun. He and my youngest brother once smashed

gas, it's your choice. do you want to do it, or do you want me to do it?" a few times I said it in a monotone/robot-ish voice, to demonstrate what a slave the duty had turned me in to. plus it made me laugh a little, the point is, if I had just stayed inside and not bothered to ask if they wanted their gas pumped, I could have gotten out of doing it.

other people know full well that this is "the" gas station where you don't have to do it yourself, and if you don't run right out there and serve them like a good little gas monkey, they get pissed off. sometimes I would be too busy counting and/or stocking cigarettes to notice someone had pulled up, because many times they wouldn't drive over the stupid little bell-ringing hose contraption, and a couple times I would go out there and ask the person "can I get that for you?", not realizing they might have been waiting for me to come get it the whole time, and I could tell, because some of them would look exceptionally pissed off and say something like "no, that's alright, i've got it taken care of" in a pissy, sarcastic voice, pricks.

the day I met this girl muriel (that girl that I did sex with, I completely totally did, yes, I believe you could say the two of us did that activity) we were inside chatting while I was counting/stocking cigarettes when I noticed someone sitting outside at the pump. I didn't catch them until I went to just stand at the door to kill time because I wasn't busy and it was an awfully slow day, the little bell hadn't gone off, and they were at pump 4 which is not visible from the counter because of the big shelf thing in front of the window beside the door, so how was I to know the person was out there? I took one look at the young woman sitting in the car and seeing she looked extremely mad at me, I tried to be as polite and smiley as I could possibly be to avoid getting bitched out. she didn't get actively/verbally/outwardly mad at me, lucky for me, thank god for the old milhouse charm.

this is probably no surprise, but a lot of people don't treat you with loads of courtesy when you are a lowly gas jockey, believe me. I often felt looked down upon, even used, by the public, but it was the only job I could get, so... my only real solace and redemption was the paycheck and the music always running through my head which served to keep me happy better than anything. not surprisingly, one song that seemed to play constantly in my mind was a great one by frank zappa called "wind up workin' in a gas station". although, the actual point of the song I think is that all the education you can buy won't do you any good in the "real world" a lot of the time... "you oughta know now all your education won't help you no how--you're gonna wind up workin' in a gas station". no matter how learned and high falutin' you are or think you are, the chances are you will still wind up doing donkey work for someone more powerful than you...

anyway, I had that job for a whole month, a whole four weeks, which is much longer than I thought I would have it. I got fired my fourth week after some money apparently came up missing. I didn't actually take it, but it went somewhere and basically me being the new fella, I had to sort of take the fall for it. (it was my third "write up"--the first was when I accidentally left the gas pumps on at night when I had to close up, the

second was when they came up a measly 8 or 9 bucks short,) the thing is that that particular store has such a history of getting ripped off not only by the employees (who have come and gone like you wouldn't believe--heldi told me I was like the 6th new person hired and fired inside of 4 months or something ridiculous) but also by the management. it's basically a situation where they want to keep the core people there--the manager, his wife and daughter, the guy with the beard and the fat lady--and new people end up getting screwed over. well, I guess one or two of them could have just been terrible, like the soda-stealing lady... there was one guy, one of the aforementioned "core" people-- let's call him "beardo"--I worked with kind of often who was working some factory job in addition to the being at the gas station and was often complaining about the hours he put in (the same went for the manager who also worked on a farm or something gay...) but he was about to get laid off from the factory gig, so he was concerned about not getting enough hours at the gas station. me losing my job was probably one way for him to get more hours, and one way for management to skim money and not take any heat for it. I know that sounds paranoid and conspiratorial, but it is not without it's basis in real actual factual truth. if there was one thing that made me kind of happy after I got fired... well, one was that I got a fuckin' sweet paycheck for working 35+ hours my last week, but the main thing was that the day I went to pick up my check, it was wicked hot outside and the fat lady (as if I really have any room to call anyone fat...) was working there and was all sweaty and out of breath from the heat and having to pump gas non-stop for the rush hour folks. I was just glad I wasn't in that position that particular day.

that was my story. I hope now you feel a little better about the crappy job you probably have to work at and please, any young people out there... for your sake, do not ever get a job pumping someone else's gas. a gas station job is generally nice and easy, just make sure you work some place that's completely safe!

oh, an addendum regarding lady muriel, who I spoke of briefly... my relationship with her lasted about 4 days. well, let's be extremely generous and say it lasted a week. I met her in person on a tuesday and the





still in the cradle... silver spoon... the moon... all that. In closing, I would like to still for a friend... fans of cap-
tain beefheart, frank zappa and other experimental
rock/jazz weirdos and dadaism as an artform, and
generally annoying and potentially offensive music,
please support zoogz-riff-the-liquid maemo. buy zoogz
riff music and art at <http://c-internet.solutions.com>.
word 'em up, zoogz. long live dada.

DEREK MILHOUSE GUIDRY IS A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR TO
SFN WHO DOESN'T NEED TO WRITE MUCH OF A BIO,
BECAUSE YOU ALREADY KNOW MORE ABOUT HIM THAN YOU
REALLY EVER WANTED TO. HE ENJOYS THE SIMPSONS, FRANK
ZAPPA, AND PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING (AND CONSIDERS
PARENTHETICAL STATEMENTS A VALID FORM OF EXPRES-
SION). YOU CAN EASILY CONTACT HIM BY MAIL--15571 LIN-
COLNWAY #201/MEERVA, OHIO 44657... AND BY E-MAIL--
MILHOUSE481@AOL.COM... IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO KEEP UP
ON HIS LIFE/DOINGS/HAPPENINGS AND WRITINGS, FEEL FREE
TO VISIT [HTTP://HOMETOWN.AOL.COM/MILHOUSE481](http://HOMETOWN.AOL.COM/MILHOUSE481)



being someone who is terrified of
insects and, yet, strangely fascinated
by them from afar (like many things in
my life) I consider myself lucky to have
experienced one of the rare treats the
insect world offers. the other day I was
sitting in my living room reading on the
couch when something caught my eye out-
side the window. I looked out and saw a
big red ant crawling on the flower box
less a foot away. then, to my utter
shock (and, because of the window
between us, delight) I looked over and
right next to the ant was an medium-
sized preying mantis! as if that weren't
good enough (you don't see many mantis-
es around these parts) at the very
moment that I looked over, the mantis
snatched up the ant into it's little
"praying" claws and bit it's head off. it
then proceeded to chew off little bits
of the ant, grinding them in its jaws.
like a little hungry man. after he fin-
ished eating (it took about 5 minutes)
he lay down and took a nap for about a
half an hour. it was a glorious sight.

HEATHER S. IS A PERSON. JUST LIKE YOU. SHE DOES
AN E-ZINE THAT CAN BE FOUND AT WWW.NOTPERFECT.ORG.
I WRITE TO HER VIA E-MAIL AT HEATHER@NOTPERFECT.ORG
OR MAIL AT 617 S. NEW ST./CHAMPAIGN IL 61820.

losophy that we should not consume alco-
hol because some people become addicted
to it and harm their bodies or do stu-
pid things as a result of their con-
sumption. I can make the argument for
that we should not consume food. The
rationale being that some people use
the food for the same reasons and harm them-
selves and become addicted to it. The
bottom line is that if you can let the
rule of moderation be your guide, you
are going to be fine. Face life head on
and don't hide behind a bottle.

I refuse to buy coffee from a Hardees
restaurant. It just seems like the kind
of place where some guy would pee in the
coffee pot for fun or revenge and take
pleasure in serving it up to people.
It's kind of a strange phobia and I'll
have to bring it up when I finally get
to therapy.
Well, that's about it. I keep telling
myself that you nice people are not inter-
ested in the ranting of a stay at home
mother but he's too darn lazy to write
his own columns so he keeps accepting my
drivel.
If you would like to complain about any-
thing I have said, GET A LIFE, and write
to SFN. The angrier the better. I need
something to talk about at my next mom
and tot play group.



The good news is that I got an office
job. The bad news is that a week into it
the world seemed to be headed towards a
nuclear war. You know, that September
11th incident...yadda yadda yadda.
It was an overreaction, I realize, but
I certainly didn't expect to wake up and
see the World Trade Center had fallen to
the ground, and that a huge portion of
the pentagon was missing. Naturally, I
e-mailed my friend Ken immediately to
make some joke about how I hoped the
Khlaa Kalash guy was okay. I was freaked
out pretty badly by the images on the
tiny tv we all surrounded at the office.
My actual first gut reaction was that I
couldn't believe someone hadn't tried to
attack the U.S.A. before.
Honestly, I'm sorry innocent people got

tism.
By the end of September 11th, I watched
as the people of America were armed and
ready to find the cowards who did this
and turn their country into a parking
lot. Truly terrifying. I had hoped peo-
ple would think clearly. (And, not to
give those horrible terrorists any cred-
it, but I wouldn't call them cowards. It
takes real nerve to hijack planes full
of people and fly an airplane into
gigantic skyscrapers. Too bad they did-
n't use their bravery to do something
worthwhile, like change the world in a
proactive way.)
The whole situation has gotten out of
hand and it's severely depressing. First
of all, if I see another American flag,
I think I shall vomit. Secondly, if I
hear George Dubya refer to those "evil
folks" again, I shall be ill. Evil folks
are folks who steal the cash box from
the church auxiliary bakesale.
And I'm tired of telethons. I'm tired of
talks of benefit cds and talks of how
terrorism caused the box offices at
movie theaters to have their worst week-
end of the year. Even though the new
releases to choose from were all crap,
and when I went to a showing of Ghost
World that same weekend, the theater was
jam packed.

Most of all, I'm tired of people look-
ing for revenge. America doesn't need
revenge. The people of America need to
take this horrible incident and reflect
on how they can be nicer to people in
other countries. They need to improve
their foreign relations, and develop
ways to resolve conflicts without vio-
lence.
And the American government has to try
and figure out the difference between
the terrorists who killed their citi-
zens, and the terrorists their sending
to Afghanistan in American war planes
who will reduce a country to rubble and
kill innocent people in the name of
America's freedom. And I'd certainly
like to see America quit sponsoring ter-
rorism to support their supposed needs.
I'd like to see this situation blow
over, and see war prevented, but King

well, i don't fit into your plan • you can't make me kill, man • you can't make me kill a man • you can't make me kill and • i won't fight your stupid war • believe me, i'm not your slave • i won't fight in your war games • the c.i.a. can't make me play • the world's running into problems now • that doesn't mean we have to fight it out.



SCOTT MYERS

spoon fed.

I like to criticize everything! I guess that's why I was asked to write a political column for the local paper here in Villa Rica, Georgia. I won't be criticizing politicians here, since it's highly unlikely that any of them are reading this.

Criticism is a good thing in the right context. In reality it's a gift. If the criticism is used to make you feel (or look) better, I wouldn't say that you are gifted. I would say that you're probably just a jerk. Even if

(the 'memory', 'health', and 'stress' flavors are my favorites) mixed with seltzer is quite lovely most any day of the week.

For a while I was hooked on this blend of apple juice, grape juice, and cider vinegar tonic that was suppose to balance out the acid and alkaline content of your body. I don't remember why I quit making and drinking it.

Soy smoothies are enjoyed by all that frequent our home. Basic fruit + ice + soymilk base.

Kristopher is good for coming up with his own blend of coffee. Like one morning, I look into my cup to find this greasy substance dancing around on top of my coffee. After coaxing me to take just one more sip to identify the mystery, he finally revealed the secret ingredient. Cashews. Yuck.

Another time, the coffee had a strange twang to it and after much pestering I discovered it was green tea bags that were added for interest.

Ernest and Gallo's Café Zinfandel Allow me to further enrage readers of this rag by saying I love a good glass of wine. I'm not a wine snob. I just enjoy what I like. I couldn't tell you the difference between a full-bodied wine and a seedy one. I don't have a full knowledge of what should be served with different kinds of foods. I don't find the consumption of alcohol to be amoral or weak or wrong. I think that if you are using alcohol to mask your reality you need help. And for those who are addicted or abusing it, it is wrong for them. I don't buy into the whole phi-



with a meal or a snack but rather something to be enjoyed solo. Not be used to quench thirst. Just one of those strictly recreational beverages. Drink it because it's fun, period.

Ok, Koolaid. People who give this to their children should be taken out back and kicked in the butt. Nothing makes me want to scream and curse like the sight of some 2 or 3 year old kid walking around with a big ol glass of koolaid. Or better yet, let's get a hold of the moron parents who are giving babies and toddlers a bottle full of Kool-Aid. Where do these people come from? And why are they allowed to breed?

In closing, do not consume this awful stuff. Use it to kill roaches or to dye your hair for Cornerstone.

Starbucks coffee. I will now tick numerous readers off by confessing I am a Starbucks consumer. I do not frequent the trendy little café's but I do love the bean. I know some guy in Guatemala is sweating away making some ridiculous-ly shameful wage so that I can enjoy the pungent aroma of this dark lovely liquid. But that doesn't change the fact that it is drop down on your knees and thank God for it good. I buy the whole bean and grind it at home. I honestly do not taste the difference between ground and whole bean coffee but I enjoy the ritual involved. The whole grinding the beans and smelling that wonderful smell business.

I was given a lovely gift of an espresso/cappuccino maker many moons ago. It is broken and we can not seem to figure out what the deal is. There is not a qualified repair place anywhere near where I live. In desperation I tried some local fix it places but no one will touch it. So, this summer my goal is to find one at a good yard sale. It's the kind of thing people buy, use for a while, and then it becomes yard sale fodder for sure.

There is also an organic Guatemalan blend of coffee sold here at a local Coop that is lovely. I buy that from time to time too. It has no commercial name. It's just bulk organic Guatemalan coffee.

Iangel's Ionics

Up until my daughter was about 3 years old, she thought that pop was seltzer water mixed with a bit of juice. I had a good thing going there until we moved back to Ohio where aunts, uncles, grandparents and the like ruined her virgin taste buds with sugar-laden trash. I'm famous for my drink concoctions. A little Arizona iced tea herbal blend

your criticism is true and useful, if your complaint is shared with a bad attitude then you're still a jerk. Although that's a moot point, since the bad attitude would arise because your criticism was used to make you feel better. The attitude proves that you are not trying to better anyone but yourself.

Good criticism comes when the context is the realization that you are also a failure at perfection, even in measuring up to your own standards. Your standards (whatever the source) are kind of like goals that have been set by you somewhat unconsciously. Whatever things you have determined are the way to be, the way to do something, or the right way to treat people; they are merely goals. How do I know that your particular rights and wrongs are just goals? It's because none of us fulfills our own view of perfection. We are all hypocrites at some level. If you don't yet see yourself as a hypocrite, then it's clear that you have become perfect in your own mind, which is supreme hypocrisy.

The context I was speaking of is the context I will be considering as I continue with the point of my column. I include myself, and identify with the two groups that I will be criticizing. I don't see myself as one or the other. You might relate to one or the other, but I for one don't see any individual as part of the groups that I will be criticizing. If you wish to identify yourself by my characterizations, then please feel free!

There are these two groups of Christians that I want to talk about. There are of course (we are all aware) in reality seven hundred or so groups that have expressed their "specialness", but that's not what I'm going to discuss. The two groups I wish to address have made it very difficult to do something that they both want to happen by their hypocrisy and useless criticism. I am also guilty of the same.

Both groups want to share their faith with others. That is really the bottom line, when it comes down to it. That is also exactly where the agreement begins; and ends in the same breathe. But before we continue I have a story.

You see, there's this event that will hopefully continue here in our small town that began last year. A friend and I had this idea, that we should do a free show somewhere. We found out pretty quickly that we could pull it off. We found a perfect stage

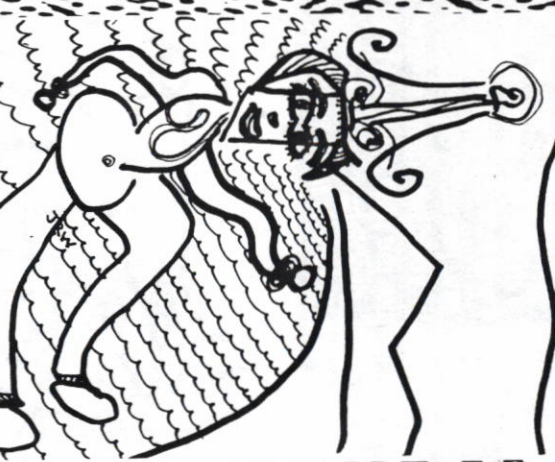
for an outdoor show, which we could use for free. That was the first step of many, and until the day of the show it all went quite well. At the last minute (literally) the lady in charge of the park decided that the stage didn't have electricity, we had to hire security (really ridiculous since fifty people showed), we would now be charged for the use of the public stage, and even if we could work it out that she didn't want us there anyhow. Boy, that was great!

The woman who was in charge of the park was very afraid of the word "Punk". She freaked out. I assured her that it was just music and explained that we were Christians and that the band-members were too. Her exact words were "Punk and Christian do not mix!" She was horribly disturbed. I didn't call our show a Christian show, because it wasn't. I didn't call it punk either, but she was asking me to describe the music, from bands I hadn't heard yet myself.

I thought that I could ease her mind by letting her know how we didn't see the need for security and undercover cops (which she hired out of the public funds anyway), just by telling her we were Christians. It only made her more difficult to work with. I found out later (I don't know why I hadn't considered it a possibility) that she calls herself Christian.

That was last year. I got involved in doing a show this year too. I do enjoy this sort of thing, but I don't like the burden either. It's about a month away, but this year has a whole new set of dynamics. Last year's show was (not really by my wish) geared toward a pretty exclusive group. I thought more people would come, but I didn't spend enough energy promoting it either. It could've been better. My goals for last year, and this year, are very nearly the same. Give some bands a chance to play out for an audience, and give the younger community something to do. Believe me when I say there's nothing to do here. On weekends the younger people of our community sit in parking lots since there is no where else to be social. I've done the same thing plenty of times. It's not a huge deal, but it is terribly obvious that this town doesn't care if the kids have nothing to do.

One group is probably old and the other is young. One group is probably just a bit too traditional and the other is far from it. And so one group sees good music as a tool of the devil,



while the other believes the exact opposite. So far I am not criticizing either of these beliefs. I'm just trying to define them, sort of. The young group has a point. Music is just that. There isn't a style of music that runs people into hell. The old people also have a point. Hymns don't send people to hell either. By word (at least) the young crowd is vehemently against traditionalism. The old people really don't care. They're used to their stuff, so they don't consider another option.

The real conflict is in full view, when a good idea is destroyed by the opposing views. The old people actually (believe it or not) want the kids to enjoy themselves and also to stay away from drugs and alcohol etc. Their initial reaction to the idea of a free show is interest and helpfulness. At first look, the older folks might even show support and offer their help toward the event that has been planned. The problem begins when their support becomes inherent control for the event. Actually they are not trying (consciously) to ruin anyone's fun, but that's exactly what happens. To the old Christians, having a concert in order to do something nice is alright, as long as there is some preaching involved. The discussion revolves around the question of "what message are we sending?", because just being nice to the community is not enough. They also



try to figure out ways to keep people around for the preaching by tricking the victims. Sometimes they put the preaching in the middle without telling anyone, so that no one feels like they can leave. Many other tactics have been used to figure out how to make Jesus cool to the kids. Of course all of the conjuring fails miserably and the event ends up corny for everyone.

As it is progressing this year there are about four different groups who will be helping out for the show. We'll have free concessions and about five bands. It will take everyone's help to make it good. Anyhow, the older crowd is beginning to stress about the music. It's like they sort-of think that good music that's non-offensive has to sound like 80's glam rock or something. Who cares what style of music is there right? The older crowd is concerned about the image that is portrayed through music that they are not used to. I guess it is true that music portrays an image. I guess in my way of thinking it is merely expression. Expression is just that. All genres of music have something to say; no matter the medium. You all know this.

So is there some judgment that I have against a dumb attitude toward musical styles? Yes, of course. Is it justifiable? No. In all actuality it's just ignorance at fault. Our judicial system might hold ignorance against people, but I really can't. So what still remains, that angers me about the woman at the park, or the older folks who are trying to help, is the seemingly will-

ful hypocrisy. Surely these folks have heard their own words about loving others, being a light to the world, and all the rest. Here is a perfect opportunity to do something nice for the bored people around here, so that there is something other than Jack Daniels and XTC. These older folks seem to imply that there are better things to do, but they sometimes won't move an inch to make that true. Even this year the local mission and others are sponsoring our event, but the opposition rages against just creating something to do. The mission's goal is to give out free food and music. The woman at the park was at the event last year and invited us back, but is still charging us for setting up at the park. The park has nothing to do to make it happen, and it is a public park. No one (I promise) will be using the stage for anything else. It sits there empty week after week.

The younger generations have always had a sort of mantra; "Practice what you preach." It makes sense, but is impossible to accomplish. No one can practice what he or she preaches, especially when the ideal model is Christ. There is not any justifiable judgment against the practice of hypocrisy. If you have determined that the sin of all sins is hypocrisy, then have a look at yourself. If hypocrisy in others seems to set you off, it's probably because you have elevated the subject beyond its value. It is also true that we become what we judge. If your biggest pet peeve is hypocrisy, it's quite likely that you are a bigger hypocrite than the one's you judge. All Christians are hypocrites because there was only one Jesus.



TAKES 45 COLUMN

[Angela for some reason thought there was going to be a beverage issue, there is not, however, I didn't review any beverages for this issue, so her column here is a welcome addition. --idyl]

Stewart's Key Lime Soda. Possibly one of the best soda's ever. It's a dessert in a bottle. Not something I would drink